Bathers who Bathe, page 173.

Sketches at Southend, page 181.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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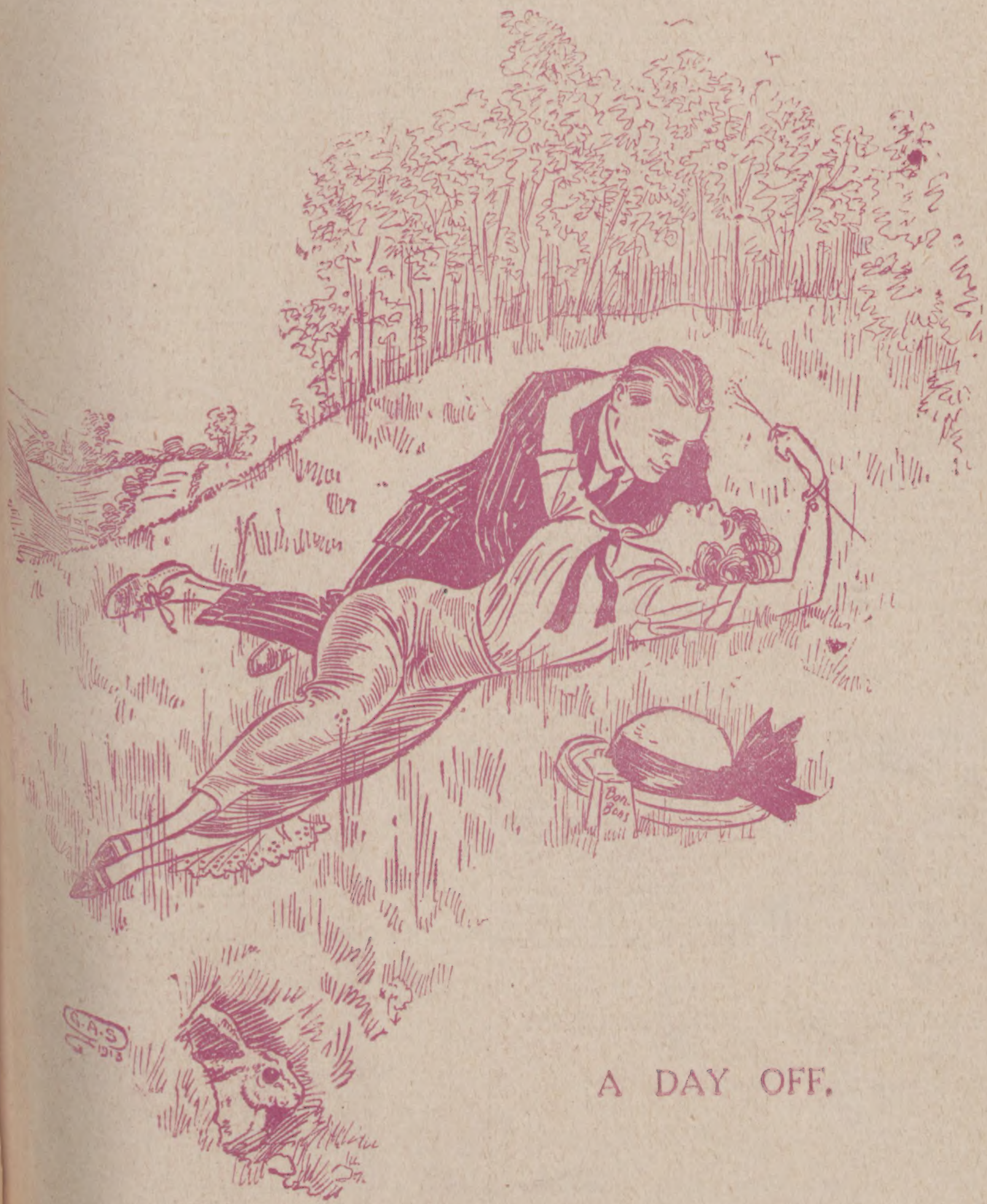

A DAY OFF.

Modern Life

No. 8. Week ending June 28. One Penny.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Our readers will remember that the important feature of this journal last week was the first intimation, in our Society columns, of the coming betrothal of the Princess Mary, only daughter of the King, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This was a piece of exclusive news of the first importance, and it secured for this journal widespread publicity. Needless to say, it occasioned tremendous interest in social circles, and no doubt most of the sixpenny Society journals will have something to say on the subject now that we have "let the cat out of the bag." The information we afforded upon the interesting event has been widely quoted, and many excerpts from our article made. To which, of course, we have no objection at all. But we did not anticipate that the article would be "lifted" bodily, and inserted in another journal as ITS OWN INFORMATION. That, however, has been done, and the current number of "Modern Society" contains a page entitled—

THE PRINCESS MARY'S FUTURE HUSBAND.

THE GRAND DUKE WHO WILL BECOME KING GEORGE'S SON-IN-LAW.

in which every fact relating directly to the youthful Royal couple has been taken word for word from the issue of this journal for June 21st.

We are not inappreciative of the striking compliment thus paid to the exclusive and authoritative character of our Society information. All the same, such a flagrant piece of plagiarism is unprecedented within our experience of the London Press. We have, of course, ample grounds for an action-at-law for infringement of our copyright, but as we learn from its pages that "Modern Society" came under new editorial control but a fortnight ago, we forbear, in the belief that inexperience was primarily accountable for "Modern Society's" departure from the etiquette of Fleet Street, and assured, as we are, that such a remarkable scoop as the first intimation of the coming betrothal of "England's Darling" and the Hereditary Grand Duke proved irresistible.

* * *

APPALLING DEATH ROLL AMONGST NOBLE LORDS.

The Unluckiest Year on Record.

For most people the world seems to jog along as cheerily in 1913 as in any other year. But for the Peerage, at any rate, 1913 seems like to "stand alone." Up till now it has proved the most ill-fated year on record. Never did noble lords follow each other to the grave so rapidly as since the beginning of this year. With the first days of January the Duke of Abercorn passed away, quickly followed by Lord Headley, an Irish "backwoodsman"; the Earl of Ashburnham, the ex-Hidalgo, and father of the nun Lady Mary Ashburnham; Lord Ilkeston, one of the Asquithians; and the seafaring twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford, best known as the father of the shaggy Whip, Lord Balcarres. Then there died, all of a heap, old Lord Macnaghten, the lawyer, who is already forgotten; the Marquis of Sligo, of Mutiny memories; old Earl Nelson, who had drawn his pension regularly for over seventy years on account of his being a maternal great-nephew of the hero of Trafalgar; Lord Tredegar, "Wales's richest"; Lord Lifford, another Irish "backwoodsman"; Lord Wolseley, of immortal memory; Lord Llandaff, a once well-known politician; the Earl of Belmore, the least known of the Hibernian peers; while the Royal Family were placed in mourning for their uncle, the assassinated King of Greece, and another band of crape had to be added within a few days for the Duke of Argyll's brother, Lord Archie Campbell.

* * *

Remarkable Death-Roll of 5½ Months.

A belted Earl with a lineage yards long, headed the list of noble deaths in March, when the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery died suddenly in Italy in the prime of life, and the Royal Family lost its handsomest courtier. Lord Gorell (the once well-known Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes) soon went the way of all flesh; and the House of Lords lost a lawyer member in the Bishop of Lichfield, a brother of the late Earl of Dartmouth. Lord Moncrieff, of a Scottish judicial family, then died; Lord Avebury ended his wonderful and well-spent life amidst his books and bees; Mr. Gladstone's old friend, Lord Rendel, who had been a stranger to these shores for many years, followed; and Lord Leven and Melville, twelfth Earl, and a brilliant young sportsman, died after an operation following a hunting accident, what time old Lord Stafford, Norfolk's hermit peer, was dying of old age and failure in the diamond-making business. The Marquis of Northampton's death in Italy has occurred unexpectedly as we go to press. As a rule, each year accounts for the deaths of some twenty members of the House of Lords. The first five and a half months of 1913 have already accounted for a greater number!

* * *

Peer Who Married the Wrong Lady.

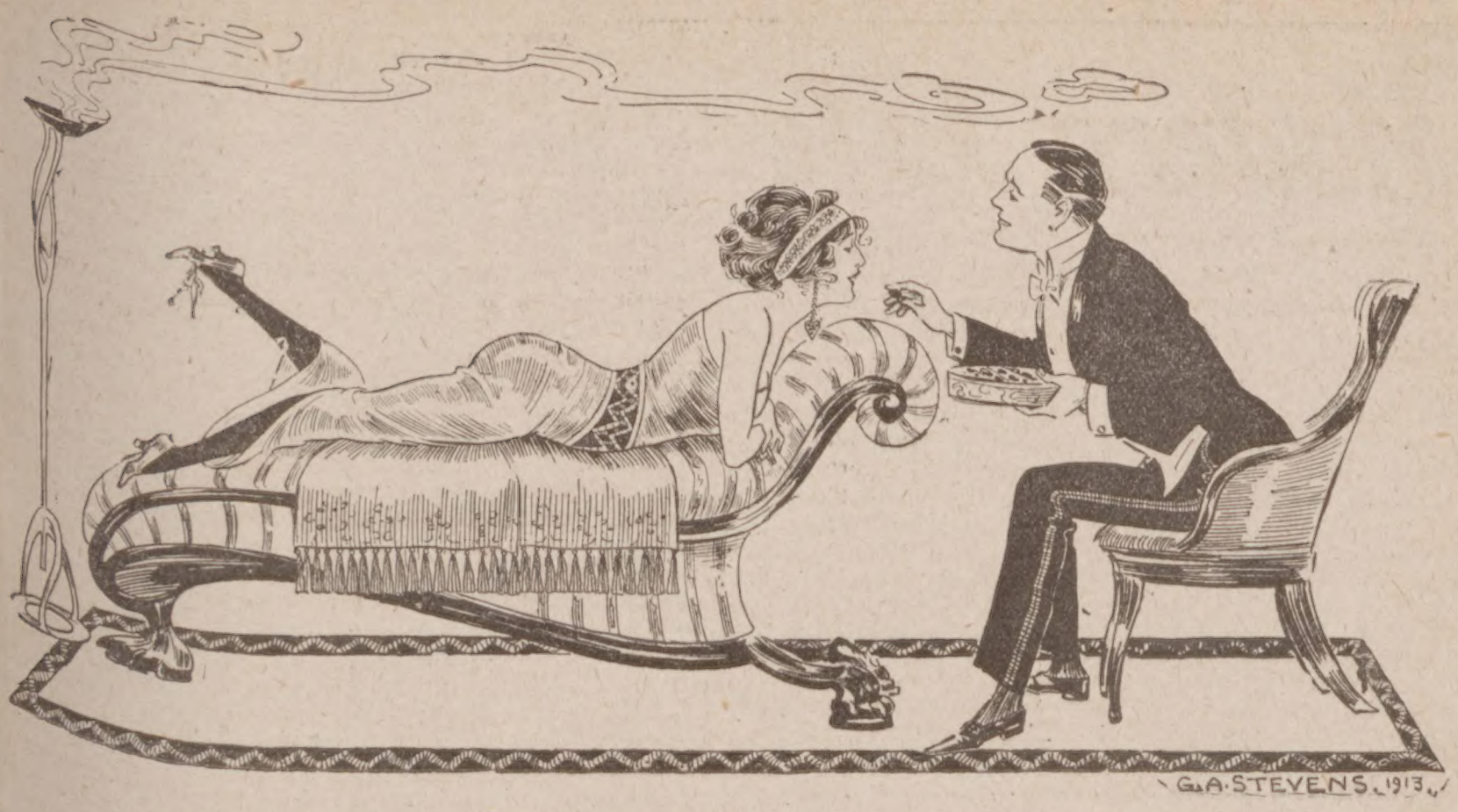
Young Lord Carbery, who has been near adding to the *chronique scandaleuse* several times since he came of age, has been prevailed upon by his well-intentioned relations to get wed, and so he has become engaged to the daughter of Mr. Metcalfe, of 5, Chester Place, Hyde Park. For a boy only just out of his teens—he was twenty-one a month ago—Lord Carbery has quite a record of sorts, being well known as one of the most reckless roadhogs in England. Not long ago he went out to South Africa at the time Earl Grey went there with his unmarried daughter, and rumour had it that Lord Carbery's trip wasn't entirely after his game. Anyhow, his fate is soon to be sealed, and we hope his wedding ceremony will turn out somewhat less exciting than did that of one of his ancestors.

The second Lord Carbery fell violently in love with a daughter of Colonel Stamer, and although his affection was not returned, the marriage of the couple was arranged. In those days a good deal of hard drinking took place at lordly weddings, and on this occasion the noble bridegroom himself had "a drop too much," with the result that he was so drunk at the nuptial ceremony that he was unaware that they were marrying him to a *younger sister* of the lady with whom he was in love. When Lord Carbery woke up the next morning, and found what had been done, he was so infuriated that he fled the country, spent the rest of his life abroad in dissipation, and died in the year 1796.

* * *

How the Carberys Began.

Young Lord Carbery's own father, like himself, was an only son, and he died young, fifteen years ago, when the present Lordship was six years old. Two years ago Castle Freke, Lord Carbery's ancestral place in County Cork, was totally destroyed by fire, and Lord Carbery and his mother had the mortification of being called over from Cork in the dead of night to see their beautiful mansion a mass of smoking ruins. Lord Carbery is the tenth baron of a line which began with a smart lawyer named George Evans, who did a good deal to secure the Revolution in Ireland, and the acceptance of King William III. after his arrival from Orange. King George I. offered George Evans a Peerage, but he declined it, and the title was therefore conferred later on upon his son, the first Lord Carbery. Not long



QUITE TAME.

ago Lord Carbery was reported to have been summoned for assaulting the station-master at St. Moritz, but that story was, we believe, much exaggerated. Anyway, his youthful Lordship seems like to have an eventful career.

* * *

Millionaires and the Old Nobility.

Talking of weddings in connection with the Irish peerage reminds me of the wonderful power of wealth in these millionaire-worshipping days. Lord Dunleath, to wit. His Lordship's eldest son, as mentioned below, has just scored an important connection with the Old Nobility by his marriage to Lady Joan Byng, daughter of the late Earl of Strafford. Another link with the aristocracy was forged last Monday week, when Lord Dunleath's niece, Miss Dorothy Pratt, was married to Mr. Ralph Bingham, of the "First Life." Mr. Bingham is a grandson of the Earl of Lucan. Lord Dunleath is the son of that millionaire cotton-spinner of Belfast, John Mulholland, who was raised to the Peerage twenty-one years ago as "Lord Dunleath, of Ballywalter Park, Co. Down."

His numerous sons all scored connections with the Peerage. He was one of five brothers who owned a cotton mill in York Street, Belfast. It was burned down in 1829, but they rebuilt it with an eye to the rising linen industry, in which they eventually employed many thousands of hands. John Mulholland became the pioneer of the export trade in Irish linen, and at the age of forty-five converted the business into the famous York Street Flax-Spinning Company. His eldest son married a daughter of the late Lord Avebury, but he died young, and his brother, the present peer, became the second bearer of this new title. He also married into the Old Nobility, his wife being a grand-daughter of the third Viscount Bangor.

* * *

A Lesson for the New American Ambassador.

By the way, the new American Ambassador must be sincerely regretting that absurd remark of his about his intention not to wear silk knickerbockers at the Court of St. James's. On his arrival in England they put up the biggest of our dukes to give Mr. Page his first Society dinner, and the rest of the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset were carefully selected in order that the representative of the States should be adequately impressed with the *éclat* of the aristocracy of Britain. It is necessary even for an Ambassador to be "put in his place" sometimes, and Mr. Page has doubtless learnt by this time that knee breeches and stars and garters are not always mere gew-gaws, but have a very potent significance. The Duke of Somerset is a large fellow, and a real good sort, and his wife is at the present time the most prominent woman in Society. The Duchess is simply indefatigable, and, as most of our duchesses are almost unknown to general society, Her Grace of Somerset is rather relied upon by the Royal Family to do some of the "representing." And she *can* do it!

Most Prominent Society Leader in 1913.

The pre-eminence of the Duchess of Somerset began with the Coronation of King Edward, when Her Grace, who was once plain Miss Mackinnon, rose to be the first lady in the land after the Royalties. It happened that there was no Duchess of Norfolk to do the honours as wife to the First Subject, and this position was taken by the Duchess of Somerset, whose husband is the next noble after the Duke of Norfolk. Ever since, the Duchess of Somerset has played a big rôle as a leader of Society, and though not beautiful, she is extremely gracious, and has many interesting reminiscences, especially of the days when she went with the Duke through the wilds of Canada, in districts where hotels were unknown, and where the Duchess had to rough it like any navvy's wife, and cook the food over faggots which she had herself gathered in the forest. The Duke, by the way, played a part in the Red River Expedition, and carried the heaviest pack in that bloodless campaign. His Duchess is a very clever woman, an accomplished artist, and a good musician, and her concerts in Grosvenor Square are amongst the most delightful entertainments of the season.

* * *

The Unlucky Earl and the Chic Widow from New York.

Lady Joan Byng seems like to belie the character of her family as the "most unlucky house in the Peerage," for, after having chucked a quite nice fellow of the Guards, she has wedded Lord Dunleath's eldest son, and is now a prospective peeress. Lady Joan has been about a good deal during the last six years, and as she is a very pretty and amiable girl her good fortune is the subject of much congratulation in Society. She is not, of course, a daughter of that well-known woman, Cora Countess of Strafford, who for years has brought a refreshing drawl into so many drawing-rooms. Cora Lady Strafford is the American widow of that Earl of Strafford, who, a decade or so ago, was knocked down by a train while waiting on the platform at Hatfield, and killed. Her Ladyship had already been widowed by Sam Colgate, a financier of U.S.A., when she arrived in London, with the determination to "make good." She made it! The Earl of Strafford was a contemplative gentleman of bookish habits. He had been left sorrowful by a Danish countess over thirty years ago, and when Cora Colgate loomed upon his horizon he had had eighteen years of loneliness—for earls *are* lonely sometimes—and the Yankee widow's lively chatter, delicious perfumes, and nutty frocks simply carried his Lordship away. So the wedding took place, and Cora Countess of Strafford soon began to buzz amongst the smart set.

* * *

Tragic Story of the Byngs.

Lord Strafford grew more bookish than ever after the marriage. Cora didn't mind that, however. Lord Strafford was a dear old soul, and rather proud of his dashing American wife, who soon made the ill-fated title more familiar than

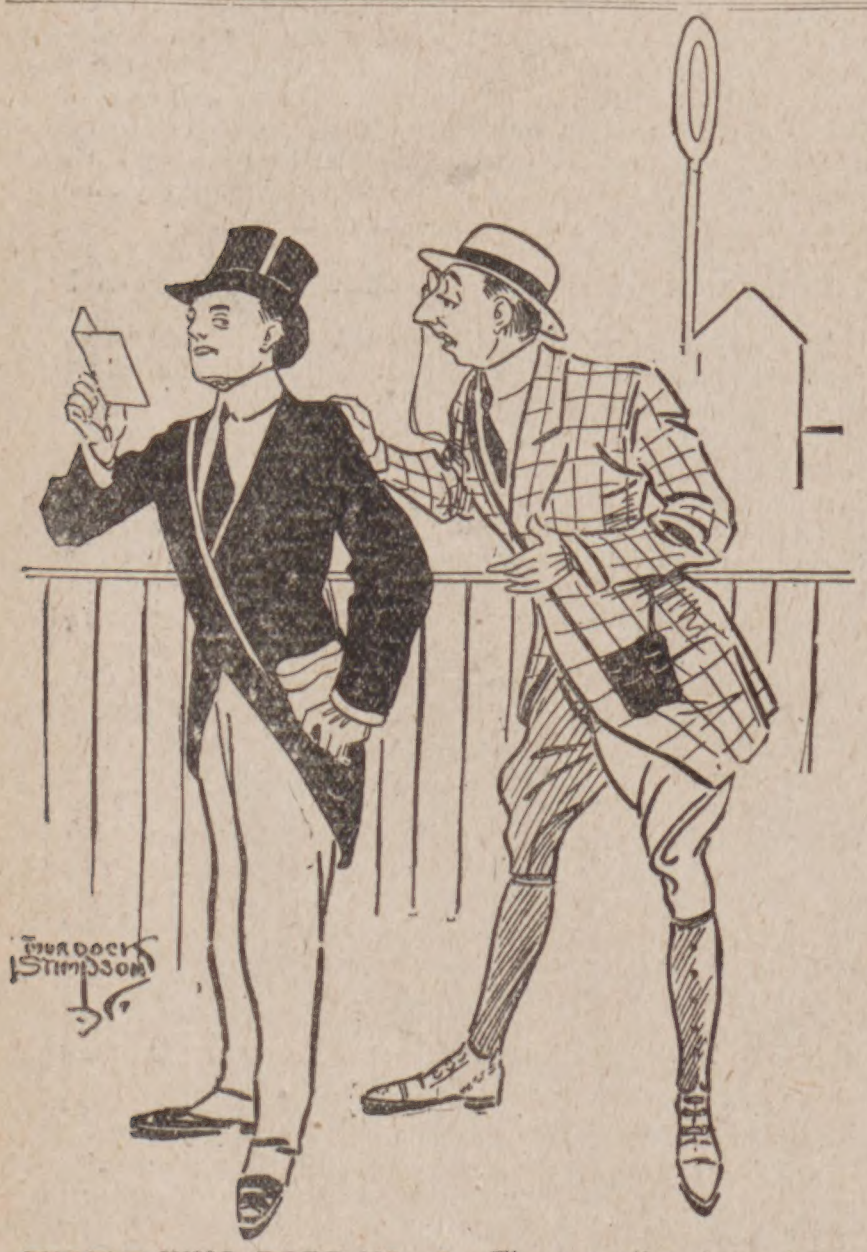
WE OFFER FACSIMILE OIL PAINTINGS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE. 192

it had been for half a century. She went everywhere, and what she wears is still a matter of concern to the lady fashion-writers. Having a daughter of her own—an American lass, of course—to get off, Cora Lady Strafford's activities were for long the amazement of Society, so Lord Strafford wasn't so much more married than he was before he met her Ladyship. However, the wedding had only taken place a few months when his Lordship got in front of that train at Hatfield, and neither the Coroner nor the jury quibbled long about the circumstances. It *may* have been an accident, of course. Anyway, the dead Earl maintained the character of his family for tragedy, as did two of his sons, one of whom was drowned on his way home from Australia, and the other died of typhoid fever at the age of twenty-four immediately after he had taken up an appointment at the British Embassy in Paris. The Byngs began badly, for the first Earl of Strafford was beheaded under Charles I. The new Earl is one of our parson-peers, and his children have suffered the usual hard luck of their clan. The last of them to meet a tragic end was Lady Dorothy Byng, who had married a famous Army revolver shot, Captain Cuthbert. They had gone for a stay at Beaufort Castle, and one morning the happy pair went out for a little sport in the coverts "on their own." Suddenly there was an unexpected crack of a pistol shot, and Lady Dorothy fell dead on the spot, killed by the weapon of her own husband!

* * *

"A Gallant and Courteous Gentleman."

It was an accident, of course, but from the source such an accident would least have been expected. Her younger sister is the Lady Joan Byng, who married Captain Mulholland last week. Lady Joan, too, lived to get married only by the skin of her teeth! It was only a trap accident, it is true, and close to home at Wrotham Park, but Lady Joan fractured her leg, and her sister, Lady Rachel, got an arm injured. The unluckiest member of the Byng family, however, was that gallant admiral who, having been sent to capture Minorca with rotten ships, failed to take the island, and was brought home and shot dead on the deck of the "Monarque" at Spithead one bright morning in 1757. They offered to blindfold his eyes, but he refused. Then it was represented to him that a firing-party might shoot better if the Admiral were blindfolded. He consented at once. "If it makes them nervous," said he, "blindfold me by all means." He died as he had lived—a gallant and courteous gentleman.



PEOPLE WHO BORE US : 2.—The man who always has a tip straight from the horse's mouth.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Mr. Justice Darling Again.

Our one and only professional judicial humorist had a field-day during the action brought by Mr. Pett Ridge against the "English Illustrated." Mr. Justice Darling seems to have entered the court saying to himself: "Hello, here's one of those writer fellows. I must see if I can take it out of him," and he accordingly did his level best to ridicule the plaintiff and his case, taking up the position of an extra unpaid (except to administer impartial justice) counsel for the defence. His witticisms provoked the usual unthinking laughter, but we think a plaintiff—author or not—has a right to a fair presentation of his case without the interference of a fire of would-be witty comments from the judge. Mr. Justice Darling, if press reports are to be believed, went so far as to infer that annexing a man's name or pseudonym as a preliminary to selling an article which on its merits would stand no chance with an editor, is a quite harmless offence—a quite understandable and pardonable aberration—which calls for no punishment. Fortunately the jury were not led astray by the judge's *facetiæ*, but brought in a verdict for substantial damages.

* * *

The Law a "Hass."

It is a curiosity of English law that anybody, apparently, can annex the name of a successful author or writer without the victim having any way of defending himself, except by an action for libel or defamation against the journal making use of the fraudulently-labelled writings. Of course a charge of obtaining money by false pretences brought by the journal would be upheld against the thief of another man's name and reputation, but that is little satisfaction for the person aggrieved. If the writings are good imitations of the author's style, and not merely trash, as in the case in point, he seems to have no remedy at all, for a jury might hesitate to find that his reputation had been damaged. Of course the whole trouble is caused by the fact that the magazine will accept anything by a man of established reputation. That is the principal reason why the English story magazines are so vastly inferior to American magazines of similar type. The English magazine buys the name—the American magazine buys "the goods." This is naturally bad for all concerned, as the cleverest of unknown authors has a heart-breaking struggle, while on the other hand the man who "arrived" gets paid more than the market value of his work, and also frequently gets a swelled head.

* * *

The Channel Tunnel.

Some people are sanguine enough to imagine that the question of a Channel tunnel has been advanced a step by the formation of an unofficial non-party committee of the House of Commons for the purpose of investigating the proposal in all its aspects. Perhaps it has. At any rate the list of names of M.P.'s on the committee reveals the presence of some first-class bores, whose particular aptitudes should stand them in good stead in this matter.

* * *

Scars That Fascinate.

A new industry has been started in various towns in Germany with the object of "making men interesting to women." Its methods are the direct opposite of those exploited by the swarms of beauty specialists who seek to make women more interesting to men, for they consist mainly of spoiling masculine beauty (not too common in Germany, by the way) by the artful decoration of the cheeks of would-be lady-killers with scars and cuts to simulate the wounds sustained in students' duels. In a word the German woman is supposed to be attracted by the same kind of thing which appeals to savages of Polynesia and Central Africa, who hack and carve their physiognomies and bodies into all manner of weird and wonderful patterns. It is a strange world! To an Englishman it is difficult to understand how gashes received in duels can be regarded as marks of prowess. One would imagine that the real criterion would be the number of scars and cuts on the other fellow. But any one who has been in Germany knows that the new industry is founded on a true conception of public—or feminine—opinion.

* * *

Swanking Scoutmasters.

No doubt General Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell and other Boy Scout authorities are most anxious to discourage anything savouring of "militarism" in the movement. Apparently, however, a considerable number of Scoutmasters do not share their chief's views. Many of them do all they

can to lend a military appearance to the Scout dress by means of fancy shoulder straps, badges, and other adornments. Some time ago this objectionable practice was the subject of an official memo from headquarters, but it would not seem to have had much effect. One notices that the weedier and more unsoldier-like the Scoutmaster the more does he attempt to ape the officer. These swanking Scoutmasters should be severely sat upon because they deter good men from joining or assisting an otherwise excellent movement.

* * *

Bathers Who Bathe.

It is not only our own seaside resorts that are perturbed with the problem of mixed—and otherwise—bathing. Nor are all the prudes in the world to be found within the confines of this tight little island. Indeed, with our variable weather and extremely short summer, the question here is not a very burning one, seeing that it almost entirely concerns the people who bathe when they go bathing. Most of the real difficulties are encountered in warmer climes where the actual bathing is a mere detail. Thus we find that in the United States at the present time, the good people whose business it is—or is made—to look after the morals of others are making violent efforts to make it obligatory on people (and especially women) who go bathing to actually enter the water. At Newport, for example, a fashionable resort much frequented by America's "Upper Ten," a couple of women "policemen" have been appointed to parade the beach and keep people in order. It seems rather a pity to waste such an appointment on a mere woman, but probably American policemen are too susceptible to feminine charms for the authorities to risk them.

* * *

And Others Who Don't.

The two Newport policewomen started duty last Monday, and we are told that one of them carried a parasol and the other a mesh bag—both of which might prove useful in case of the costume of a lady bather being considered below the official limit of propriety. Their chief duties are to hear complaints from lady bathers, which will doubtless consist principally of shocked expostulations from beauties of the beach who are disgusted because another beauty has donned a costume more daringly effective—and to see that the beach

"You disobedient little girl! How many times have I told you not to call me mamma before gentlemen!"

"How quietly your husband dresses."
"You shou'd hear him when he drops his collar stud."

is made more inviting to their sex, a task which seems quite unnecessary seeing that the real trouble is that the beach is already too inviting, so inviting that the ladies hesitate to leave it to get their costumes wet. Other complaints about the habits of American lady bathers include the reprehensible custom of wearing garments made of clinging pongee silk, which when wet do not call for the exercise of any imagination on the part of the beholder. Evidently the frequenters of English seaside places have a lot to learn.

* * *

The Latest Woman's Movement.

We have often been told by anti-Suffragists that one of the chief causes of the militant movement is the excess of women over men—the "Odd Women," in the words of George Gissing—and the consequent inability of so many women to find husbands. We do not necessarily subscribe to this doctrine, but there is no doubt that very many people do honestly believe it. Hence the latest woman's movement comes as somewhat of a shock. A national "Homemakers' Union" has been formed by an enterprising and publicity-loving woman of Stockwell—described in one of the papers as "an advanced woman worker"—which seems to have as its principal tenet the idea that all the trouble of this world arises in the married state. It aims at being a trade union of wives, and its declared objects—if attained—seem calculated to make a thorough revolution in family life. We say "if attained" because we imagine that the "Homemakers' Union," in spite of its clever advance booming, is never likely to be more than a *succés de rire*.

* * *

Dragooning the Husband.

The originator of the scheme sketched out to an eager newspaper man a delightful picture of a deputation of members waiting on a recalcitrant husband and urging his reform under the threat of a strike. We imagine a "lock-out" would be the correct phrase for the result of such meddling interference. But the Union doesn't intend to wait until the husband has got to the callous brutal stage. It proposes to tackle the problem of married life in its initial moments. "Many women . . . . find married life dull first . . . . To these the union aims at giving companionship and help in preventing unhappiness," says the brilliant author of the scheme. Why not take the matter in hand at the church door, and arrange for a deputation of dour old maids and seasoned wives to accompany the happy pair on their honeymoon? Surely, if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well! No, we do not think this union will score a huge success. In these days of armies of Government inspectors of one kind and another the British working-man is not going to submit to the unofficial supervision of a gang of interfering and self-appointed busy-bodies. He will draw the line very clearly, we imagine. Where is the humane benefactor who will start a league for the protection of husbands?

* * *

Black Men as Ladies' Maids.

The Earl of Selborne in his speech last Monday to the Pretoria Diocesan Association made a veiled reference to one of the burning scandals of South Africa—what is usually referred to as the "Black Peril." He was, however, a little wide of the mark in telling about "Zulu warriors, who have abandoned the profession of the assegai, the knobkerry and the shield, to nurse the baby and cook the dinner," as the Zulu warriors who do these things are rarely Zulus and never warriors; but that is probably because his sojourn in South Africa was not sufficiently prolonged for him to understand that all black men are not Zulus, or else it was merely a flight of poetic licence. The trouble in South Africa is not that a strapping buck nigger is employed as a nurse-maid or cook, but that he is often called upon to assume the duties of a lady's maid. It is quite the correct thing, for example (not with English-born women), for a dusky, full-grown Kafir to take up the early morning cup of tea to his mistress, who is lying in bed in the scanty attire usual in a sultry climate. That—or something like it—is what his Lordship really meant when he said "It is extraordinary how well these men, on the whole, behave themselves."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Why the Indian medical married colonel left Cheltenham in such a hurry? If his sudden departure had anything to do with a threatened horse-whipping from the father of a young lady whose "glad eye" has made her much talked about?

* * *

Why the Hans Crescent discharged butler is going about saying he can make it hot for her ladyship?

* * *

What was the accusation made on Brighton beach last Wednesday morning against a young partner in a shipping business by a flapper "show-girl" in a travelling theatrical company, whom he had just been "teaching" to swim? And will he not be well advised to institute some inquiries into the young lady's antecedents before paying serious attention to the threats she expressed?

* *

What are the exact whereabouts of the society lady who is supposed to be "resting." And was it really she who was recently seen touring in the Austrian Tyrol in company with the well-known Hebrew. Does not his walk, if nothing else, invariably give him away, much to his annoyance? And whether it is that his ancestors never fully recovered from that long tramp across the desert, and that it is merely hereditty after all?

* *

The identity of the little brunette who by sheer force of personality has pushed herself into the very best society, and seems fairly well established. And whether she thinks that the tale of her vewy clever husband who worked so hard that his mind gave way, and is now in a private nursing home," isn't so cunningly told that it is swallowed by the majority. Whether the "nursing home" has any connection with the prison infirmary at Wormwood Scrubbs, and what was the part *she* played in his getting there. Had her "vewy pwretty eyes" got anything to do with it, and whether she'll be glad or sorry when the three years are up.

* * *

Who is the reverend gentleman who is living in constant fear of being called upon to appear in the Divorce Court, and is it true that the little episode of the summer-house and the opera glasses may yet develop into what may be described as "a hundred pound look"?

* * *

Who is the well-born young *débutante* who daily has surreptitious meetings in Kensington Gardens with a handsome member of the swell mob? Does her mother know she's out, and what would her big brother think of it if he knew?

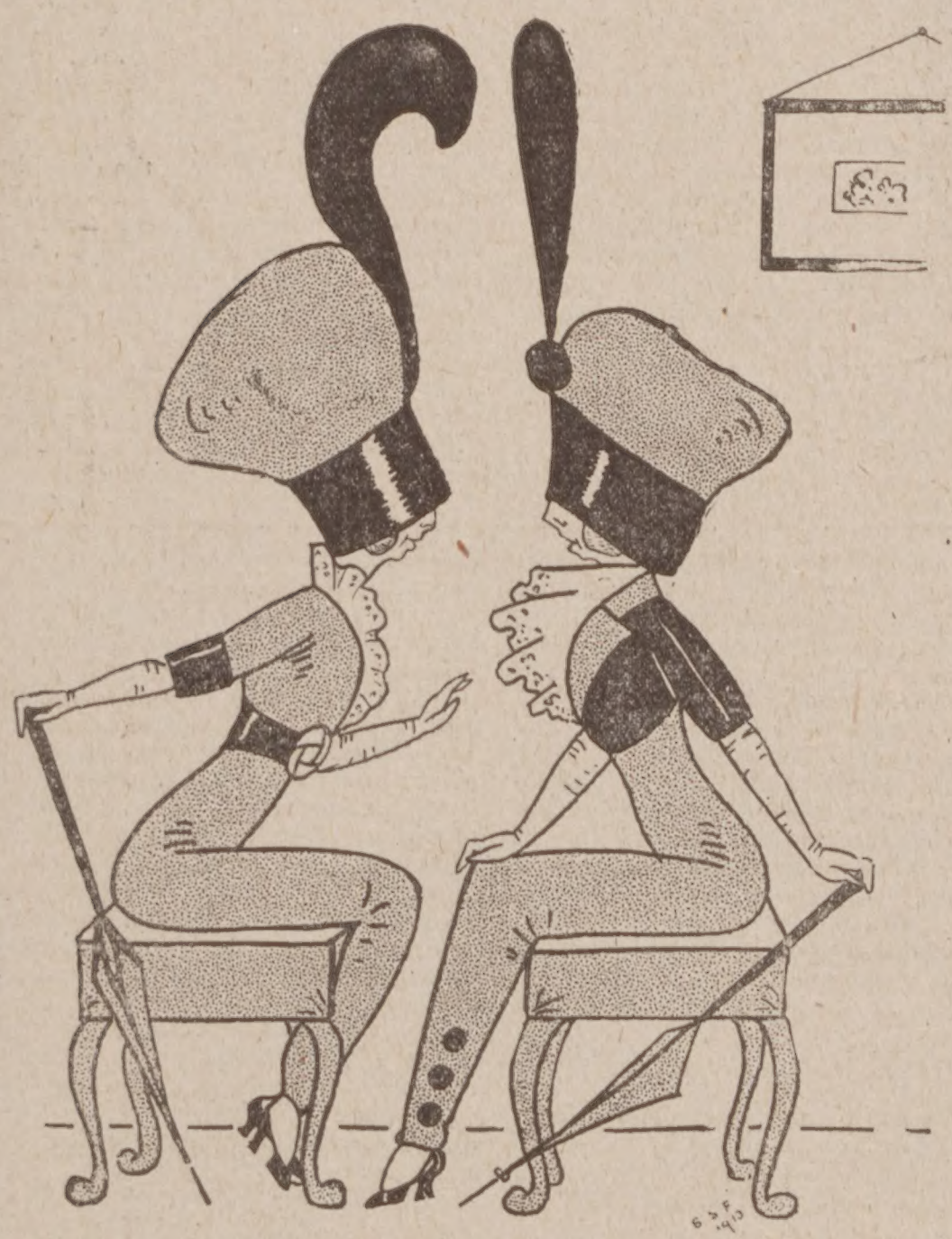
Is it true that the sporting Hussar major has secretly been obtaining excellent tips from the big bookmaker's pretty wife, and then backing them with her husband? And would it not be more "sporting" of him to put the money on with someone else?

* * *

If it was not very awkward when the successful cigar merchant and his Oxford undergraduate son met on the doormat of the "8d. A Mile" girl's Bedford Court Mansions flat? If blows were exchanged? And if the "old man" showed that he still has a pretty useful "left"?

* * *

Whether the first performance of Mme. Pavlova's new dance, "L'Invitation à la Valse," brought her another sort of invitation from an exceedingly wealthy nobleman, usually supposed to be impervious to the charms of the fairer sex?



SCANDAL.

* *

Why did not Lord ——— adhere to his intention, expressed at Epsom on Derby Day, of wearing a flannel suit and a Panama hat at Ascot? Did his courage fail him at the last moment—or was his appearance in regulation attire the result of an informal notification from high quarters?

* *

Who was the lady who is alleged to have stolen a baby from a nursing home at Forest Hill, and to have written a letter to the proprietress of the home saying "I am a lone woman, but now I have something to love"? And might she not have adopted a child quite easily by a simple arrangement with the mother, rather than by such a surreptitous expedient?

* *

Will Captain C—— C———, of Hurlingham, ever again invite his friend, Captain S—— B——, to spend the week-end with him? And if he does, will he keep a closer look-out than formerly on his household silver?

* * *

What is the nature of the house in Cromwell Road, South Kensington, which appears to have so large a staff of foreign waiters? And why are the numerous well-dressed ladies who call there so heavily veiled?

* * *

Would Lord L—— W—— be as gratified as his son is at present to learn of the latter's remarkable runs of luck at *chemin-de-fer* at private parties at the 'Varsity?

* * *

How was it that certain photographers were afforded so excellent an opportunity of snap-shotting the Prince of Wales in the act of being captured—and rescued—during recent manoeuvres? Was the whole thing arranged? And will King George be exactly pleased about it?

HALF-CROWN P.O.'s FOR LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 192

A WOMAN OF RESOURCE.

Betty Bernard was a pretty woman with brown curly hair and pretty eyes. John Bernard was a sober-minded, heavy-featured barrister twenty-five years older than his wife Regarding this somewhat unusual disparity in their respective ages many people had a good deal to say; but Betty Bernard heeded none of their remarks. She was an uncommon type, blessed with a personality; and, above all, she flattered herself on managing her affairs exceedingly well.

"Now you positively won't be away longer than a week, will you?" she said as she put up her face to be kissed. "Don't forget to call for my letters at Edinburgh; write me every day, and come back with some really new stories." In another moment the taxi had disappeared.

* * *

John Bernard drew the envelope from his pocket and settled himself down comfortably to read the much-looked for letter from his wife. Suddenly his hand began to tremble, and the look of blank astonishment that had at first settled on his face rapidly developed into one of furious rage. This is what he read:—

"My dearest Reggie,—As I wired you, of course I'll come; but I'm writing as well to say that I think the idea no end of fun. And nothing could have happened that was greater luck. John has just left for Aberdeen and won't be back for a week. I was just contemplating death from loneliness when your letter arrived. It was fortunate John had left, for I really do see such quantities of him and suffer dreadfully from nerves. Of course he's not half as jealous as he used to be, but old people are very trying, even the best of them. I'll be at the Cosmopolitan at 7.30, tell you all the news, and we'll go on to the play afterwards. With tons of love,—Betty."

For a few moments John Bernard felt like suffocating, in which event righteous vengeance would have been defeated. So he pulled himself together and began to think.

"So I've caught you at last, have I?" he muttered. "In spite of all your cleverness you weren't sharp enough to put your letters in the right envelopes. I'm not half as jealous as I used to be, aren't I? And old people are very trying, even the best of them, are they? And you'll meet your dearest Reggie at 7.30 will you? I think not, my dear, I think not! I suppose you thought you were bamboozling me beautifully when you told me to be quick back! You shameless, deceitful woman! But I'll teach you a lesson! You'll not hoodwink me again, I'll warrant! And as for your dearest Reggie—well, if I don't make a fine example of him my name's not John Bernard!"

London at last! It was seven o'clock. Up and down outside the Cosmopolitan Café he paced, glaring in at the door each time till he fancied the commissionaire began to take an undue interest in his movements. Then, making a swift resolve, he went inside and spoke to a porter, who accompanied him to the step and glanced up and down curiously. At that moment, as if heaven-sent to annoy him, a fiendish street urchin with that marvellous intuition peculiar to his class, seeming to grasp the situation, suddenly opened his batteries with full force.

"Toired o' waitin' for 'er, m' lord?" he said. 'P'rheps she's fergotten 'er's trewly!"

John Bernard gasped. He made a movement as if to grip the terrible offender. "I'll give you in charge!" he cried. But at this remark the boy darted away, and from a safe distance turned and whistled the opening bars of "Put Me Amongst the Girls!"

Half-past seven! John Bernard's hands were visibly twitching. What with his desire to watch every taxi that pulled up before those ever-swinging portals, his rage at the insult recently hurled at him, and his consummate jealousy of his wife, he was almost beside himself.

Eight o'clock boomed out. Still no sign of the culprits. He decided to go home. Then he hovered between going and remaining. Finally he resolved to remain and see the whole thing through as he had at first planned.

Nine o'clock! He was worn out. "Guilty mortals," he said, "they might have suspected something and changed their plans at the last moment." He hailed a passing taxi, and when once more he stood within the precincts of his outraged home he was about capable of running amok.

A neat maid was crossing the hall with a tray in her hands, and so great was her astonishment that she nearly dropped it. "Why sir," she said in a tone of the utmost surprise, "we didn't expect you back for a week, and cook's gone out for the evening and mistress is having supper on a tray to-night."

He sprang forward. "I suppose you're hoodwinking me too!" he cried. "Where is your mistress? Answer me! Where is she?" And he shook the trembling woman by the arm.

"Why, the mistress is in the drawing-room. Where else should she be?" replied the astonished girl, thinking for the moment that her master had gone mad.

He mounted the stairs two at a time, feeling certain that the maid had lied, and confident of finding his wife guilty and falling at his feet craving for pardon.

But the room was empty. On the rug by the blazing wood fire lay Betty's little kitten, by the fireside was her favourite chair, and on a table by its side was the volume he had given her only a few days since. He was at a loss to understand. But his wrath in no way abated. It only increased as another thought flashed across his mind. He prepared for a fresh and a greater onslaught, and was on the point of putting his plan into execution when the heavy curtains parted and a peal of soft, pretty laughter filled the room. This was followed by quick quiet footsteps, and almost before he was aware of the fact, a soft warm arm was round his neck. "I've won my bet!" said a soft voice in his ear. "Madge said I wouldn't, but I have. I've brought you home!"

He freed himself from the detaining arm. "What do you mean?" he demanded as he faced his wife with a positively murderous expression on his face. "What do you mean?"

She rose to the occasion with unequalled excellence. She leaned against the back of a chair, just raised her head sufficiently high to look aggravatingly alluring and laughed again. "I'm so pleased with myself," she said. "Madge said you'd never take it in, so I bet her a new hat that you would. And you have! Haven't you? Oh, I'd have given worlds to have seen your face when you read that letter!"

His manner changed. "Am I to understand that you wrote that infamous letter and addressed it to me by design?" he asked in his very best professional manner.

"How I wish you could see yourself," she said, purposely evading his question with a dexterity that was unique. "The only thing is that your head isn't really three-cornered like a proper barrister's should be! Why, who in the world do you suppose 'my dearest Reggie' could be? Because— Oh, it's too, too killing!"

"And you really expect me to believe that you are capable of making my most sacred feelings a matter for jest. The subject of a most unwomanly, unseemly bet?" he said slowly and with much emphasis.

She put her head on one side and nodded. "Am I never to joke and laugh then?" she said, with a great pretence of meekness. "You know I positively was not born to be serious. Why, you've said many times that I shall giggle at my own funeral. Now do be nice to me." She came nearer and tilted her face until it was very near his own. "You don't really mind being teased a *little* bit sometimes, do you? Kiss me."

The result was a complete surrender.

The same night a letter of explanation was being conveyed to Portsmouth. "It was the most foolish mistake I ever made," it ran. "I nearly died with fright when your wire arrived telling me about it. I can't think whatever made me mix up the envelopes. Still, I had time to prepare a defence, and it only remains for me to see my friend Madge and tell her what to say. It was lucky for us both that I was so clever. Of course, I look centuries older, and am certain I shall have hundreds of grey hairs by the morning. I'm awfully sorry that our innocent little evening should have been knocked on the head, and I really feel like a person on the verge of the grave. Tons of love, Betty."

John Bernard often thinks of the Cosmopolitan Café and his long vigil outside its walls, and Betty Bernard flatters herself more than ever on her skilful management of affairs.

FRANCES BURKE-HART.

If we could look into the future we would probably find it just as unsatisfactory.

* * *

Some people have a way of saying things to hurt the feelings of others just as if they were getting pay for it.

WE OFFER FACSIMILE OIL PAINTINGS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 19

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

TWO FRAUDS NAILED.

Mrs. Smythe: Before we were married you used to pretend that you liked to have me sit on your lap for an entire evening.

Smythe: Yes, and you used to pretend that you preferred to sit in a chair.

* * *

Some little time ago a certain actor, who prides himself on being a crack shot, was taken out by a well-known sportsman for a day's ferreting. On arrival at the scene of action the ferret, hitherto concealed in a bag, was slipped into a burrow. A rabbit soon emerged and got away quickly enough. By the time the actor was ready with an aim to cover the hole, the ferret made his appearance and was promptly blown to bits. "I certainly was slow for number one," was the complacent comment, "but I got that blessed weasel before he bally well knew where he was!"

The theatrical gentleman is now wondering why further invitations are not forthcoming.

* * *

TIME'S CHANGES.

Mrs. Gramercy: You can't judge a man by what he was before you married him.

Mrs. Park: Indeed you can't! My husband used to spend the evenings with me.

* * *

Sadchap: A man has to be a linguist these days.

Gladchap: Why so?

Sadchap: Here's an ad.: 'Wanted, clerk in sporting goods store; must speak golf, tennis, or polo.'—"Montreal Star."

* * *

HE KNEW.

"You say that a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points?" exclaimed the Grouch. "Why, you must be an idiot."

"No, I'm not," replied the stranger. "I'm a taxi driver."—"Cincinnati Enquirer."

* * *

It was a "musical meals" restaurant, and the band programme was printed on the same sheet as the menu. Possibly the chef (de cuisine, not d'orchestre) drew up the entire document, for one of the selections was "Sands of the Desert." One would expect to find them in the figs.—"Manchester Guardian."

STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

Medical Student: "I say, doctor, I've swallowed some cherry stones. Is it dangerous? I've looked through all your book on 'Common Ailments,' and can't find anything about it."

Professor (grimly): "Cherry stones? Ah, yes. They will be found in the appendix."

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinterby raised her hand, warning the others to silence.

"Hush!" she said softly. "The children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

Then there was a moment of tense silence. Then ——

"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper. "Willie found a bed-bug!"—"National Food Magazine."

* * *

"That's a bad-looking thumb you have, waiter," said the diner. "Does it hurt you?"

"No sir," replied the waiter. "It is parboiled. It gets that way from serving soup." — "Cincinnati Enquirer."

* *

HANDLE WITH CARE.

Mother (at the shore): Now, you must be very discreet with the young men you may meet here, Louise.

Elderly Daughter (with a sigh): I know, mamma; they scare dreadfully easy! — "Puck."

* *

"Wot's the matter with you now?"

"Nothing's the matter."

"Then wat did yer give me that nasty look for?"

"I didn't give you that nasty look. You always 'ad it."—"Sydney Bulletin."

* *

"He is a self-made man, isn't he?"

"He was."

"Then he is."

"No, the woman he married didn't like the result he had accomplished and she has made him over."—"Houston Post."

THE ANATOMY LESSON.

Not all Classes are held in Medical Colleges.—*Puck.*

NUMEROUS BENEFITS OFFERED TO "MODERN LIFE" LEAGUE MEMBERS.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

Why all the other Royalties, except the Prince from Strelitz, now in England were excluded from the Royal procession on the opening day of Ascot races, and if the Hereditary Grand Duke's riding alone with Their Majesties in the Royal carriage is not a certain indication of the prominent part the German prince is destined to play as the Royal son-in-law?

* * *

Why Lady Sarah Wilson was so anxious to catch the Royal eye in the Paddock on Tuesday? And where is Captain Wilson?

* * *

Why Lord Lonsdale's lady was not present, and whether Lord Churchill's dominance of the Ascot arrangements had anything to do with her absence?

* * *

Everyone is complaining of the flatness and dullness of the London season in spite of one or two obvious spurts in high places to make things "go." And yet one paper stated "that Queen Mary is bending more than usual this season." Well, that's something.

* *

That the Peer with the Yankee wife was feeling very sick last week when meeting a friend he felt bound to say: "My dear fellow, it's worth a million to have to own up to such a mother-in-law."

* *

And yet they keep on doing it.

* *

That women are by no means singular in their little habits of "making up." What about the well-known statesman who is at present in the hands of the little beauty specialist in Bond Street having his wrinkles removed and his eyebrows made shapely. And what about the major with the heavy moustache who forgot to remove his nose machine the other morning at the hotel in the Strand before saying "come in" with reference to his early cup of tea.

* *

Whether Mrs. Pankhurst isn't a bit sick at not being the *first* martyr to the cause, and whether the "disciples" aren't about fed up with Christabel, whom they despise for a skunk and a shirker. Why it is that these poor, deluded followers cannot see that the whole campaign of militancy is merely a thing put up by the Pankhurst lot to advertise themselves and make a living at the same time.

* * *

Whether some of the statements being made in a contemporary about Princess Pat's matrimonial "intentions" are not the veriest balderdash?

* * *

Whether Prince Paul of Servia is treated quite like a *really* royal person by the King and Queen, and whether he does not find his isolation somewhat irksome.

THE BELLE OF THE BOUDOIR.

What several mothers with very strict views would have said had they known that "the dear man with such a lovely voice" at the hydro on the south coast, who seemed "to draw everyone unto himself," was none other than the amorous Smyth Pigott of Spaxton fame.

* * *

What the man up from the country on behalf of his church thought when he found himself sitting next to his wife at "The Girl in the Taxi," having previously told her he was going out to meet a friend with reference to the choosing of the new lectern.

* * *

Whether the Duchess of Westminster is not somewhat bored with life! And whether she has not taken advantage of the death of the husband of the Duke's mother (Mrs. Wyndham) to retire into her shell for the rest of the year at her place at Ham Common.

* * *

The names of the two old maids at the Buxton hydro who look under the bed every night "to see if there's a man there." And whether it wouldn't perhaps be a godsend if they could some night find one.

* * *

The feelings of the very young, and would-be knut, when the young lady of two years' experience most cleverly led up to the subject of eyes. "My eyes are really blue," she said. "It only needs a pair of turquoise earrings to show them up."

* *

What some American women think of Roosevelt for saying that "obviously some American women find it necessary to put coronets on their heads to keep the little brains that might be there from taking flight!"

* *

How many letters Georges Carpentier has already received from lovesick ladies. If it is true that he being nothing if not a polite Frenchman, intends to answer them all in person, and if so, whether he hasn't got a busy time in front of him?

* *

Whether the Manchester "gentleman" with the binoculars is very popular with the early morning ladies bathers at Scarborough?

* *

Why the Bradford woolbroker has forbidden his wife's handsome cousin the house?

* *

Whether the Streatham Hill doctor is aware that his wife spends her afternoons playing bridge, and who has been paying her heavy gambling debts?

* * *

Whether the Duke of Devonshire is not missing his good lady very much. And whether his present stay at Lord Farquhar's place at Richmond, the White Lodge, is not because his Grace requires a lot of consolation for the absence of the Duchess in Switzerland, and only the cheery Horace Farquhar can provide the required tonic?

* * *

Why there are so many unpleasant rumours about the domestic affairs of a well-known Glasgow "meenister" and drinking whisky-and-soda? And

WE OFFER FACSIMILE OIL PAINTINGS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 192

Why the War Office permanent official is known as "Mrs. C...dge"?

* * *

If it is true that H.R.H. Prince Henry is known to his ...airs schoolmates as "Smith"? And whether this ... very sensible way of addressing his youthful Royal ...?

* * *

Whether waiters of West End restaurants receive most "palm-oil" from the k-nuts?

* * *

Who it was who complained that a certain lady attending last Court wore an insufficient amount of underclothing, and on what authority?

* * *

Whether the L.C.C, in proposing to hold instruction ... the roof of the New Kent Road High School, are ...ing to raise the standard?

* * *

How Detective-Inspector Currey, who, when visiting a flat in Piccadilly, discovered a lady and two girls in the bath-... with nothing on but stockings, was able to bare the ...ck, and whether it is habitual for police inspectors to ...er ladies' bathrooms in this unceremonious fashion?

* * *

Whether the present tendency to transparent gowns ...ished with glass buttons is comparatively easy to see ...rough?

* * *

Whether, by lowering the neck and shortening the skirt, ...dies are endeavouring to make both ends meet?

* * *

Whether the South London furnishing emporium is really ...erious when it announces that "Special terms are offered to ... about to marry. The firm takes all risks"?

* * *

...ether an American Bar at the Noah's Ark Fair isn't ...ng in the nature of an anachronism?

* * *

...that the only reports made by Suffragette bombs ... produced in the newspapers?

* * *

...Militants consider that they are "making a ... they are merely making a blaze of one?

* * *

Whether the drivers of the motor 'buses chartered to take Lady Jersey's guests down to Osterly will be allowed to "...letrole" the grounds?

A CATCH.

Fashion's Freaks in Caricature. 2.—The "Pannier."

Whether the gambling house-boat is becoming popular mainly on account of its facilities for suicide?

* * *

Whether the silk hat worn by Disraeli and sold the other day for £3 gained in value on account of having been talked through?

* * *

What sort of dress Miss Maud Allan will wear at the Grosvenor House Bazaar?

* * *

Whether the liftman who was ordered to pay twenty shillings for stealing five kisses from a girl in a lift found the experience "elevating," and whether his reply that "She was so darned pretty he really couldn't help it" ought not to have been satisfaction enough for any girl?

* * *

Whether the Parisian lady who recovered damages from a hair-dresser for supplying her with a dye which turned her abundant locks a brilliant green is specially annoyed that the mixture should have been advertised as "an unfailing method for restoring the *natural* colour?"

* * *

Whether the annual revenue (estimated to be about £10,000) which the Government make on the sale of waste-paper should not greatly benefit by the Marconi affair?

* * *

Whether the Rev. Davis Ardclack, who conducted the funeral service of the Earl of Leven in the billiard-room, was able to take up his "cue" all right, and whether it would not have been more appropriate for a "cannon" to have performed the ceremony?

* * *

Whether the mysterious throat ailment discovered at the St. Paul's Church of England Training College, Cheltenham, is catching; and, if so, why it has only been found necessary to close the men's department?

* * *

Whether the extremely handsome cavalier who accompanied Mrs. Jack Goda to Ascot really was Pa-goda, as the lady affirms?

* * *

Whether the performance of the American comedienne, Mrs. Coleman, really deserves the description of "mustard"?

TABLOID TOPICS.

If the tramway system doesn't pay, says a reckless ratepayer, then bussed it.

* * *

"Last day of the Suffragette Trial" was a news headline. Oh that it were only true!

* * *

A newspaper headline reads "Broken Pledges." "Uncle" is more frequently associated with "broke pledgers."

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst is out on licence again. It would, however, be quite incorrect to call her a licensed victualler.

* * *

"Tennis Racket or Frying-Pan?" asks the "Daily Mail." Well, an expert can serve some really hot stuff with either?

* * *

"Cheeses as Channel Swimmers," we read in a contemporary. Why not? We already have nuts bathing in the Serpentine.

* * *

Since the opening in 1898 of the Deptford baths and washhouses it has not been necessary to purchase a fresh supply of towels. Has the economy in soap been equally marked?

* * *

"A stout motherly kind of woman," who frequents Paris parks and cuts off the locks of little girls is getting unpopular. It is not to be wondered at. She clearly gives herself hairs.

* * *

Sir Edward Carson, says "London Mail" is "the only man who is Bencher of the Middle *Temper* as well as a Bencher of King's Inn. Dublin." He has, at any rate, grown out of it in recent years.

* * *

Mr. Keble Howard is anxious to incite his fellow countrymen "to rebel, particularly in the summer, against the tyranny of dressing." We are afraid, however, that they must continue to bear it.

* * *

The Bishop of Birmingham has arranged for a course of lectures on voice and speech training to be given to the clergy of his diocese—by a lady! The dearth of curates will, it is hoped, soon disappear.

* * *

Mr. Julius Caesar is bossing the fire brigade at Elstead, Surrey. We are glad to observe that the report of his death, after that little fracas with Brutus and the rest, seems to have been grossly exaggerated.

* * *

A German Army paymaster was much annoyed by a charge of exceeding the speed limit while motoring on his honeymoon. It isn't pleasant for your young wife to learn so early that you are a bit of a scorcher.

* * *

Three spoons were found on a Suffragette arrested in Downing Street last Monday.. As spoons on a Suffragette is a state of affairs unthinkable to the police mind she was naturally charged with being in unlawful possession.

* * *

Says "The Times": "There is no safe means of letting the larger monkeys at the Zoo have exercise in the open air in warm weather." The Regent's Park nuts are preparing a testimonial of gratitude to the Thunderer for this evidence of interest in their welfare.

* * *

Mr. John Hodge, the Scottish Labour M.P., is evidently trying to live up to his bucolic appellation. He delighted the House last Tuesday by wearing "a delightfully cool cream suit and a straw hat." Several Members, sour with envy, advised him to cheese it.

* * *

Apropos of Lady Arthur Grosvenor and her "vanning" proclivities we learn, on the authority of "London Mail," that the lady "when the weather is fine, has her meals with Lord Arthur in the open, as all campers do." We should imagine Lord Arthur will be glad to get back to the comparative isolation of Simpson's or Claridge's.

* * *

At last the Weary Willies and the Tired Tims have found a friend in Parliament. An M.P. advocates that fatigue among employed persons should be scheduled as an industrial disease. We can see a busy time coming for the panel doctors, summoned to attend tramps who, after a five minutes' wood-splitting job succumb to the fell complaint.

A FAMILY JAR.

The urn stood grimly on the corner of the table bet... Mr. Charles Moffitt—better known to his intimates "Cholly"—and the lawyer.

"And you say I'm to take that jar to Brighton and c... it on the Downs," said Mr. Moffitt, eyeing the subject of remarks with disfavour.

"I am only repeating your Aunt's directions as conta... in a letter of instructions I received from her a month ag... Mr. Moffitt," replied the lawyer, coldly. "She wrote me ... she was seriously ill and did not expect to recover; that, ... case of the worst happening, she had already made ... arrangements for her own cremation—as you know, she alwa... was an eccentric lady—that the receptacle for her ashes ... be sent here, and that you were to carefully and reve... take this to Brighton and scatter her relics on the ... behind. I had no further news of any sort until ... continued Mr. Deedes, "when the parcel was left here ... a label attached on which is written, in her own hand, ... remains of Sarah Wragge. To be delivered to Mr. C... Moffitt, with Miss Wragge's compliments.'"

"Makes a fellow look a bally ass," retorted the other, ... no longer felt the need for weighing his words. ... ever, I 'spose I must do it. There may be some ... clause in the old girl's will cutting me out if I don't. ... how," added he, "I can drop her in the Devil's Dyke ...

The next day saw Mr. Moffitt seated in a third ... carriage on his way to "London-by-the-Sea."

"We (the term embraced Charles and the late Mr... Wragge) can't afford style," reflected Mr. Moffitt. "The ... stingy old screw, Deedes, might just as well have spr... fiver on account."

The urn he placed under the seat, as he decided the ... was unsafe. "I'm hanged if I risk having the old girl dro... on me again," muttered he to himself. "She dropped ... me often enough when she was alive!"

In the same carriage, and directly opposite to Mr. Moffi... sat a working man who annoyed him. They both had lo... legs and each had divergent views as to how much ... space he was entitled to.

"May I ask you, Sir, to keep your legs to your... last blurted out the angry Mr. Moffitt. "You're kicking ... Aunt."

"A-kickin' your harnt?" said the man, indignantly. "... may I be so bold as to harsk where that lady be a-resting ...

"Under the seat, Sir," replied Mr. Moffitt, haughti... "Cannot a lady select her own place?"

"Blimey!" was the only articulation left possible to ... astonished offender.

"If you must know," continued Mr. Moffitt, p... "she's in that jar."

The horny-handed one was somewhat superstitious, ... preferred to change his compartment at the next stop.

To the delight of Mr. Moffitt the place was taken by ... "charmin' bit of fluff"—to borrow his expressive ter... And in his anxiety to catch the sweet girl's eye he forgot ... about the urn when the train emptied at Brighton.

It was not until a quarter of an hour later, when ... chagrin the bit of fluff was greeted along the fron... piece of flannel, in the shape of a muscular male in s... attire, that Mr. Moffitt remembered his neglected rela...

He rushed back to the station and poured out ... bewildered railway-servant his tale of woe.

"Hi! Alf," shouted the man to a passing guard. ... ses he left his aunt in a sort of pot under the ... third-class smoker."

"Then," replied the other, coolly, "she's now in ... of water. We thought it was one of them suffragette ...

"I'll bring an action for damages against the ... yelled the excited Mr. Moffitt. "Why, you've dro...

Alas, it was worse than that—for Mr. Moffitt. ...

Emerging from the cloak-room he found him... face with his resuscitated aunt! She was, at first, ... in furiously fishing in a pail with the crook of her ... to notice her horror-struck nephew.

The whole thing was a plant, from beginning to ... the artful Miss Wragge, who, heavily veiled, had come ... by the same train, to test his solicitude and affection.

And when she passed away later all her money went ... a home for deserted cats.

Lord Robert Cecil says it is impossible to corrupt a ... lionaire. Socialists tell us that the job was done before ... reached that position of affluence.

MODERN LIFE AT SOUTHEND AND WESTCLIFF.

IN STAGELAND.

There is a small matter of Miss Annette Kellerman's, or her manager's, that I should like to discuss. A friend connected with the profession informs me that while playing in Edinburgh recently she permitted the very young but essential assistants to her daintily graceful act to give away bills in the public thoroughfares. Now this is not cricket at all! Stedman's are justly proud of the wonderful juvenile actresses they not infrequently turn out, and one of the little ladies above-mentioned is in my opinion of greater histrionic worth by very much than is Miss Kellerman herself, having played the title rôle in the most talked-of and appreciated children's play (excluding only "Peter Pan") ever produced in London. I feel convinced that Mr. Griffith of Stedman's does not know of this little habit—perhaps he will write us?

* * *

The Victoria Palace will be cram full this week on account of Beatie and Babs and Willard Hutchison, as it was last week by reason of "What Ho! Ragtime!" of which more anon. The first of the above mentioned artistes are for the first time replacing "Dixie" (having very thoroughly made its fortune. I should suppose that four in every ten musical artists have, in the use of this and "The Ragtime Goblin Man," furthered their own interests by the brains and ability of these fresh and intelligent little girls) by an entirely new number, which will make as effective an impression, I believe!

Of "What Ho! Ragtime!" I would remark that its grace, beauty, musical excellence and artistic settings distinctly warrant a much better fate in the way of a title than has fallen to its lot. Cannot Mr. Hurgon arrange this even yet? Brilliant as is the Hippodrome revue, this beautifully daring production is able entirely to stand on its own legs and for a very long period. The figures of the beauties, and *such* beauties, inside those bathing costumes must be seen to be believed.

* * *

Mr. Norman Trevor appears to be running through a repertoire at the Savoy. "The Cardinal's Romance" was produced to the obvious disapproval of an intellectually obtuse and noisy gallery, and the equally emphatic approval of the rest of the house. Mr. Trevor is one of the most gifted of those precious few who have realised that one need not be eternally "playing to the gallery." Every good wish to him.

* * *

It is not generally known that Dr. Dabbs, who died last week under such romantically tragic circumstances, was a playwright of distinction and ability!

* * *

The second edition of "Hullo! Ragtime" will spread this syncopation scourge with renewed vigour over a still larger section of sufferers than ever. It really is such extraordinary good value—not only in ragtime; that is the secret of its charm! With mine own eyes did I see Evelyn Nesbit (Mrs. Thaw) dance very intricately and cleverly in the roof-garden scene. So far from "walking on" as was stated would be the case, she is starred, and with every justification.

Actor-Manager: "So you want to be an actor? What was your previous occupation?"
Gent: "Well—er—I've always been a gentleman up till now."

There is a new boy violinist, one Kosky, who adds distinction and tone to every bill that includes him. He is another example of the rare type of child prodigy that amazes and pleases in equal parts. Oh, that there were more of them! They are doing as much as any influence, unsuspected, indirect but very real indeed, to cleanse and uplift our understanding.

* * *

Mr. "Teddy" Payne, late of the Gaiety, has turned his attention to film production, and his first subject parodies the militant Suffragette campaign.

* * *

The horrors of "The Battle of Waterloo," filmed [illegible] Northampton a couple of weeks ago, were not without the lighter side, and one can imagine Napoleon's feelings [illegible] striding across the plains to see a wounded soldier rise from the ground, and in plaintive tones exclaim "[illegible] I suppose you have [illegible] such a thing as a [illegible]

* *

Warren Kerrigan, [illegible] known to patrons of the cinema as the hero of "Flying A" films, [illegible] an odd accident recently the making of a film named "Ashes of [illegible]

* *

Kerrigan had to [illegible] from a limb of a tree [illegible] from the ground. In manner his fingers [illegible] fast, and in endeavouring release himself he [illegible] three fingers on [illegible] hand, and one on [illegible] This is the fifth [illegible] Mr. Kerrigan has [illegible] while picture-acting.

* *

The slaughter of the [illegible] cents has been very [illegible] the last few days, and [illegible] than one other [illegible] follow "The [illegible] Necklace" and [illegible] into oblivion. [illegible] days are over. Of [illegible] the warm weather has a good deal to do with it, but the main reason for the *debâcle* is the utter futility of some of the stuff which is served to the public. We hear a great deal of the decadence of the drama, but I really think recent failures have been due to the decadence of managerial acumen, as shown by the presentation of plays which never stood a thousand-to-one chance from the word "Go."

* *

In spite of the sultry atmosphere the big variety [illegible] manage to do good business, and George Edwardes, at [illegible] different theatres, also contrives to keep raking in the shekels. At the Adelphi last Friday I found a full house enjoying "The Dancing Mistress."

* * *

Robert L. Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" [illegible] been adapted to the cinema, and will appear on the [illegible] at the end of next month.

* * *

Mr. King Baggot, of the Imp Film Co., takes the dual role, and in less capable hands the result might have been disappointing. The change from Jekyll to Hyde is a photographic trick, but it is extraordinarily convincing and effective.

MADAME DU BARRY.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 8 (NEW SERIES):

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF MADAME DU BARRY

THE FAVOURITE OF THE ROI SOLEIL.

The recent appearance of the young Hereditary Grand Duke Mecklenburg-Strelitz as the central figure of the great rsailles Ball at the Royal Albert Hall irresistibly reminds us ful career of the French King Louis whom his Highness impersonated, and of Madame du Barry, may be said to have held the affections of the Sun King surely than any of the other women who crossed the path that impressionable monarch. History provides few such eers as that of Marie Bécu, or, as she has gone down to istory, Madame du Barry. Marie Bécu began at the bottom cial strata. She could not even claim an honourable e. She was the result of the secret amour of two ns in menial life. But she had one advantage. She was in that inconspicuous little French village of Vau- which has such a tremendous place in French history as nnle of Joan of Arc. In after life it was a source of comment in Paris that a French king should again pictely ruled by a "maid of Vaucoleurs." As so often ppens, the love-child of Vaucoleurs developed extraordinary Beauty. Madame du Barry in her old age confessed that she owed all her wonderful success in the game of life to her looks. This is her own picture of herself as a child.

"My lovely face; my locks, which waved most enchantingly over my eyes, which were melting, sparkling, and liquid as ; my mouth, small and red as a cherry; my delicately- ; my excessively fair skin; my elegant and sylph- ; in fact, the perfect beauty of my person, made my ive the greatest hopes of success." This was child was taken to see her well-to-do godfather in a ighbouring town, and the girl's appearance so completely captivated her godfather that he at once had her placed in a convent, where she grew up a well-educated and comely maiden.

A Born Coquette.

The spirit of coquetry was very adequately developed in Marie Bécu from infancy. She acknowledges it herself. When she left her native village for the convent, she had already begun to dream dreams of future greatness. "I was then very pretty. I had a charming air, but I should more particularly have been seen when decked out in my Sunday clothes. The joy this apparel gave me added to my beauty, for I gave even then some manifestations of coquetry—it must be inherent in our sex. I was anxious to please; I wished even to please myself. I studied the looking-glass of my mother, and those of all my neighbours to which I could obtain access. How many moments have I passed in unsophisticated admiration of my increasing beauty! At first I regarded myself, then my simple gown; my because it was a part of myself, a portion of my little ; and then, on leaving my dear little mirror, I looked ing figure as long as I could to catch a glimpse

Marie Bursts Upon the Boulevards of Paris.

Even in the stiff starched robe of the convent Marie Bécu was a coquette. In the austere life of the convent Marie's beauty grew to its perfection, and when she found herself free the millinery shop of Madame Labelle in the in Paris she was immediately the object of half a dozen lovers. On entering the milliner's ged her name to "Mademoiselle Lançon," owing e, monk though he was, being too proud to own a was in a shop. Though a hundred and fifty years ed since Marie Lançon burst upon the boulevards her dainty walk and captivating curls, her life in the milliner's was pretty much what that of the mannequins is to-day. Wherever Marie went, her lustrous beauty dazzled all beholders, and amongst the first of her lovers was one Comte Jean du Barry. Whether Marie Lançon ever cared two straws for him, history has not recorded, but his influence soon brought her under the notice of King Louis and from the moment His Majesty first set eyes upon her there was no other woman in the world. At one tremendous swoop the beauteous bastard of Vaucoleurs found herself verily upon the footsteps of a throne!

On the Footsteps of a Throne.

In order that her position might be somewhat regularised in the gay court of the Roi Soleil, Marie Lançon was taken to the altar by her lover's brother, Guillaume du Barry. She saw him for the first time on the morning of her wedding; she saw him for the last time as she left the door of the church. From that hour she was the pet and darling of the French Monarch. King Louis was already an old man. He had reigned for fifty years, and his scandalous amours had been "the talk of Europe." Marie was his supreme folly. But in her he found happiness. Madame du Barry was a woman of heart, full of tenderness, with feelings not less delicate than her looks. All these qualities the amorous monarch was quick to appreciate, and ere long Madame du Barry was, to all intents and purposes, Sovereign of France. All the courtiers paid her the homage due to a Queen. Every luxury that the most luxurious period of Court life at Versailles could provide was hers. The King doted upon her, as if she had been his only child; he placed priceless gems upon her neck; surrounded her with silks and velvets and gold; at her beck and call were an army of liveried servants; and money was uncounted in administering to her vanities.

Madame du Barry's Hopeless Passion for an Englishman.

For six glorious years Madame du Barry queened it in France, the envied of every high-born lady in the land. Upon King Louis's death Madame du Barry, of course, lost her pre-eminence at the Court of the Sun King. Now a Countess in her own right, and rich as a Rothschild, she retired to the lovely place in the country that the King had given her, and, still in the fullness of her youth and beauty, awaited the oncoming of the man who should at last evoke within her the "divine passion." And he was not long in arriving. When the period of mourning for the King was over, Madame du Barry gave delightful parties to her old friends of the Court at Lucienne, her country retreat, and there one day came an Englishman named Henry Seymour. Now Englishmen are colder in love than Frenchmen, and Henry Seymour did not belie his English birth. He had neither great fortune nor particularly good looks, but these possessions are not always a sound passport to a woman's heart. It is an accepted axiom that very pretty women suffer keener pangs from love's crooked path than their plainer sisters. Perhaps that's how the Almighty gets even with those whom he has peculiarly dowered, but true enough it is that the woman all men love generally finds that the particular man she is keen upon isn't interested. And so it proved with Madame du Barry, whose beauty had snared the heart of the greatest connoisseur of beauty that ever lived. Henry Seymour failed to fall in love with Madame du Barry. Her passion, therefore, grew the greater, and, being unaccustomed to coldness from men, his apathy tormented her into a state of misery

WE OFFER FACSIMILE OIL PAINTINGS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS. SEE PAGE 192

adame Resigns Herself to the Inevitable.

Madame du Barry did nothing ridiculous, however. She was one of nature's ladies, and she had the wit to see that no efforts of hers would ever provoke a passion where it did not spring spontaneously. For long she squirmed at her disappointment, but Henry Seymour was too honourable to pretend to a love which he did not feel. So Madame du Barry decided to accept her disappointment philosophically. She sat down, and wrote to Henry Seymour: "It is idle to speak of my affection for you. You know it. But what you do not know is my pain. You have not deigned to reassure me about that which most matters to my heart. And so I must believe that my ease of mind, my happiness, are of little importance to you. I am sorry I should have to allude to them; it is for the last time!" In this calm manner did Madame du Barry put out of her life the man she truly loved.

And having done so, the way was paved for a lover of her own ardent nation. He proved to be the Duc de Cossé, son of the Marechal de Brissac. He was a gallant of a very different temperament from Henry Seymour, and when he observed Madame du Barry's penchant for him, he went in hot and strong, until Madame du Barry had yielded to him herself body and soul for ever. They were, however, no strangers to each other. All through the years of Madame's reign at Versailles the Duc had been her keenest admirer, but while she belonged to the King he paid her a distant homage which was none the less touching for its honourable recognition of her embarrassing position. Now the fetters of Royalty were removed, the Duc de Cossé threw himself valiantly into the fight for Madame's love, and when he won it, he found he had earned the most priceless possession of his life.

Th: Breaking of the Revolution.

Soon he succeeded his father in the dukedom of Brissac, and Madame du Barry came into a position almost as great as that which she had had as the mistress of the Roi Soleil. She continued to reside upon her own estate at Lucienne, however, while her husband, the Duc de Brissac, was engaged in his duties as Governor of Paris. Every day the tenderest messages passed between the happy couple. These letters are still in existence, amongst the most touching epistles in the Paris Record Office. The day-dreams of Madame du Barry and her gubernatorial husband were, however, soon to be rudely shattered by political events. The sky of France was already growing dark with the storm-clouds of the great Revolution. The people had been ground down for many years and they had determined to put an end to monarchy and aristocracy for ever. And when the clouds burst in a storm of blood, amongst the first to go under was Madame du Barry's husband. As Governor of Paris he occupied a highly perilous position. He knew that the Revolutionists had early marked him for the guillotine, but he refused to leave his post. When they rushed into his room, and appealed to him to fly, he said, undauntedly, "Certainly not. I shall act according to my duty to my ancestors and to myself. Here I remain, whatever happens!" And then he sat down, and, amidst the howls of the angry revolutionists who were battling for his blood, wrote a tender love-letter to Madame du Barry at Lucienne.

"The One I Love Best."

And Madame, what of her! She also was in momentary peril. Almost the first name mentioned in the bloodthirsty decrees of the Revolutionists was that of the woman who had so tenderly consoled the dying hours of the Roi Soleil. They began by breaking into her country house, and stealing her glorious jewels. Madame du Barry, instead of fleeing from the wrath of which this was only a portent, flauntingly issued a printed reward with a full list of the beautiful gems with which King Louis, in his love-sick moments, had covered her. This flagrant document served to finally seal Madame du Barry's doom. The reward reminded the Revolutionists too painfully of the folly and extravagance of the Sun King, and quickly it was followed by the death sentence being passed upon Madame du Barry by the Revolutionists. Daily they watched the Duc de Brissac's courier leave Paris with tender billet-doux for his lady at Lucienne, and at last the Duc learned of his wife's danger. "Come quickly, my darling," he wrote to her, "and take every precaution for your valuables, if you have any left. Yes, come, and your beauty, your kindness, and your magnanimity. I am ashamed of it, but I feel weaker than you. How should I feel otherwise for the one I love best!"

The Fate of Brissac.

But it was too late. Already the streets of Paris were pouring with blue blood. The ugly crowd of tatterdemalions were already at the gates of Versailles, and the Duc de Brissac was being led by a rope to the place of execution. For a time he was incarcerated in the prison at Orleans, as if to prolong his agony. Daily he sent a tender message of courage and love to his wife, who in her turn was momentarily awaiting the oncoming of the overwhelming forces of the Revolution. At last the day of the Duc de Brissac's execution was fixed, and the hideous perpetrators of his murder determined to mar[ry] their unhappy prisoner right before his wife's eyes. For day[s] she awaited the miserable throng of murderers, and one nigh[t] their dismal howls were heard. At last she hears the tumultuous roar of the Revolutionists! Rushing to her window she cowers behind the curtain, choking with an agony of suspense, and expectation of violence, and, amidst a babel of hideous noises, the rude mob surges through her gates, rushes up the steps, and through the open door of her house. Into her very presence they storm, hurling foul execrations upon her, and then, as they withdraw, their last insult takes the form of something hurled at her feet. She bends forward, horror-stricken and faint, and there, on the floor, rolls the bloody head of her husband, the Duc de Brissac!

With the end of her much-loved Duc, Mme. du Barry soon began to pray for her own passing. She had not to pray long. Nothing would appease the Revolutionists but her execution, and after a few months, during which she sincerely mourned the man who had brought all the *real* happiness into her life, Mme. du Barry was led forth to execution. Just after the [Duc's] murder Madame du Barry wrote to a friend, "I ask nothing now of life, but that it should quickly give me back to him." Perhaps it was a blessing the Revolutionists granted her wish.

Next Week:

KING GEORGE IV. AND GRACE DALRYMPLE.

* * * *

After a young man has burned the candle at both ends for a while he may develop cold feet.

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MODERN SPORT

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Every week tells its own tale. We are right in the midst of summer, and when an English summer is worthy of the name, it is good to be alive. There has been very little to complain about this year, and the sport-loving community are as joyous as the sun. We all want to be out in the open as much as possible, and those who do not care to take up the cricket bat, the lawn tennis racket, or the golf club, can take their pleasure in watching other and more experienced hands at the game.

a summer the water has a fascination for large ... the upper reaches of the Thames are as well ... is the river within a motor 'bus ride from the city. ... extraordinary facilities offered by the different rail... ...ies enable thousands to get to the sea for a week-... Thus, we do not see quite the numbers looking on ... and lawn tennis as when there were not so many ... means of occupation.

... still holds its own. Interest in county matches is ... as great as it has ever been, and followers of the game ... always keen regarding the batsman who will get his thou... ... first, and the bowler who will take his hundred ... looked upon as a remarkable achievement, but with the ... of fixtures the feat is expected from big cricketers. ... is the first this year, and he won the race easily, ... over 160 runs in front of the next man, little W. ... of Warwickshire. Mead started the season on Whit... ... and that week was his black week, for he made only ... as the result of four visits to the wickets. In the ... four weeks, however, he had fourteen innings and ... runs. It will be remembered how well the left-... ...ted when in Australia with the last English team, ... badly he finished up. This season the Surrey born ... ...d as badly as was possible, but he has got into his ... ...fully now. It is the first time that Mead has ... the four figures first. Dr. Grace was the first batsman ... each the number on fourteen occasions; "Bobby" Abel, ... "Johnny" Tyldesley, three; C. B. Fry, three, and ... ...ard, three times. It is remarkable that all of the ... ...cketers have at different times visited Australia and ... ..., and of course "W. G." has made the trip to ... Grace made 1,000 runs in the month of May in ... ...ward, starting to score in April in 1900, reached ... ...fore May was out. Last year it was the little ... Macartney, who won the race, and the South African ... Vegler, who was the first to take a hundred wickets on ... This year's leading bowlers will have to look smart if they want to get the hundred wickets before the latter date. By the way, Sid Pegler has arrived in England from South Africa, and will be seen in first-class cricket almost at once.

Kent are firm favourites for the championship this year, and at the week-end were the only unbeaten team, and except against Yorkshire, who certainly pressed the hop county, the maximum points have been obtained with varying degrees of ease. The astounding feature of the county programme this season is the failure of Hampshire, who, notwithstanding the fact that the batsman of the year is on the Southerners' side, claimed their first victory out of seven matches only last Saturday. Derbyshire have fallen away to a shadow, for after leading off with three victories, they have been four times beaten in succession. Lancashire have fine bowlers, but the wickets have not suited the peculiarities of their attack so far, but the batsmen have done their share.

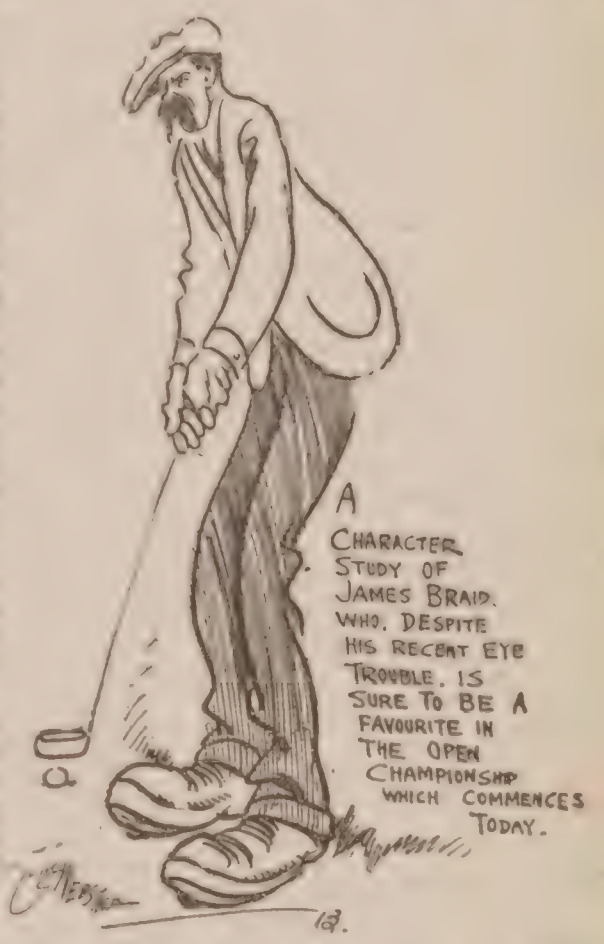
The 'Varsity will now play their away matches, seeing that the summer term has ended, and Campbell, the Oxford captain, has very early given two Colonials, in A. C. Wilkinson and Basil Melle, their "blues." Colman and Havelock-Davies have been similarly honoured, and so these men, at least, will be able to go along naturally without having the feeling that they have got to play for their places. If county captains would deal with some of their players like that, it is more than likely that some of the cricket would be better.

LAWN TENNIS TOPICS.

By the time these notes appear in print, it will be known which team—Canada or South Africa—has to play Belgium in the second round of the Davis Cup, the Belgians having had a bye in the first round. The London Championships will also have been concluded, and all eyes will be turned towards the championships at Wimbledon. It is the first time in the history of the Davis Cup that two Colonial teams have played against each other, just as it was the first time in the cup's history that a tie was played on "hard" courts, France and Germany having played on the "hard" courts at Wiesbaden. After the championships, there will be some team building for the holders of the cup. The meeting at Wimbledon is going to be the most important Lawn Tennis meeting of all time, as there will be five "world's" championships decided, and not merely "All-England" championships. But there will be something more to be said about these matters next week.

The Kent Championships did not unearth any great match winner, and the names of A. E. Beamish as winner of the Men's Singles, Mrs. Chambers as the lady champion, A. W. Gore and H. Roper Barrett as the champion pair, Miss Boothby and A. D. Prebble, as the Mixed champions and Mrs. MacNair and Miss Boothby as the best ladies' couple, are familiar as household names.

SOMETHING ABOUT GOLF.


A CHARACTER STUDY OF JAMES BRAID. WHO, DESPITE HIS RECENT EYE TROUBLE, IS SURE TO BE A FAVOURITE IN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP WHICH COMMENCES TODAY.

Now is the age of records. The Open Golf championship opened on Thursday, and no fewer than 269 names were put in the hat for the qualifying rounds draw. In 1909, when the championship took place at Deal, there was an entry for the first time of over 200, the exact number being 204. Last year, at Muirfield, there were 215, and so in the year of grace 1913 there are fifty-four more than last year. There are nine Americans, five Frenchmen, and one Australian figuring in the qualifying rounds, and ninety players tried to get in the first twenty, or to tie with the twentieth on Thursday, a similar number using the same endeavours on Friday, and the balance—eighty-nine—were similarly occupied on Saturday. Thus on Monday, the competition proper will start, and there will be sixty players, and, in addition, as many as tie with the twentieth player in each section. The championship is being played at Holylake, and on the last occasion it was played there in 1907 Arnaud Massy, the French golfer, was the winner with 312 strokes. In 1911 Vardon won after Massy had tied with him. It will be interesting after the meeting is all over to see whether golf has

been able to provide more players of the same category as the "Great Triumvirate." All the better known professionals are playing, and there are several first-rate amateurs. As may be well known, by the way, the Open Championship is decided on stroke play, and not as the Amateur Championship, when match play governs the contest. Of course, the International Professional match, between England and Scotland, on Tuesday was an easy win for England. Scotland won in 1903, but really the match is only in the nature of a curtain raiser to the bigger event, and is a glorified practice match for the professionals. Now, in the amateur International Scotland invariably wins.

CRICKET CENTURIES DURING 1913.

Taking June 17th as a basis, it is interesting to note how many centuries have been made at that date, since the commencement of the cricket season. In Coronation year, 1911—and what a cricket season it was for fine weather—there were 96 hundreds on the list on June 17th, which was a record. In 1901, on the 19th June, at the conclusion of the matches being played on June 17th, there were 97. At, or the day or so after, June 17th in other years, the number of centuries scored have been: 1904, 79; 1905, 72; 1900, 64; 1899, 63; 1909, 61; 1910, 59; 1908, 54; 1903, 51; 1906, 48; 1902, 39; 1907, 27. In 1912, at that date, there were 60, and it is worth notice that 53 were scored up to and including June 1st, when it started to rain and continued to do so. There were only 132 centuries scored all through 1912, and this when two extra teams were in the country. This year, up to June 17th, there have been 68 scores of three-figures, thirty-three having been made in May, and since then, with the sun ruling the day, there have been 35 in fourteen days. We are not hearing much about the retrogression of cricket when blue skies and all the conditions incidental to the proper carrying out of the game predominate. It was ever thus.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER WHOSE SPLENDID GENEROSITY ENABLED ENGLAND TO SEND A TEAM TO AMERICA WITH A VIEW OF REGAINING THE POLO CUP.

INTERNATIONAL POLO.

Polo has had a wonderful amount of advertising just lately, but it may be taken for granted that the game will not benefit to any alarming extent. Yet polo is a fascinating game, as are all sports where the horse is engaged. England failed to be successful against the Americans, who have now won the cup three times in succession, once at Hurlingham in 1909 and then twice in America in 1911 and 1913. In 1911, the Old Country lost by the small margins of 4½ to 3½ and by 4½ goals to 3 goals. This year, the holders have won by 5½ goals to 3 goals and by 4½ goals to 4¼ goals. The method of scoring in America is not the same as in England. Across the Atlantic, deductions are allowed for certain offences. At times there is a half goal debited to the offending side and at other times there is a deduction of a quarter goal. In England, when a foul is given a free hit is the punishment. Time was when the scoring was by goals and subsidiaries, minor points being allowed for the side getting the ball just outside one of the goal posts, and between a sort of second goal-post either side of the real goal. Just as the scoring has undergone changes in Rugby football, so it is with polo. England lost the first match at Meadow Brook by the superior play and the faster and more dashing tactics of the American quartet. England lost the second match through the superior shooting of the Americans, and the unfortunate fouling by Captain Lockett. This splendid player, who made such a name for himself in India, actually shot a goal directly after the foul, but not only was this goal disallowed, but England lost a half goal as well, which, in the seventh "chukka," or period, gave the Americans the lead by which they won the game and the cup. Mention is made of Captain Lockett, but some papers in London have given the point against Captain Ritson, while others say that it was Captain Cheape. The writer was not there, and so ——

Perhaps, one of these days, when one side fouls at Association football, there will be deductions against the offending side. Both sides scored five legitimate goals, but England lost three-quarters through fouling and America lost a half. America lost their half in the second "chukka," but England lost their points in the fifth and seventh "chukkas." Of course, it is disappointing, but there is satisfaction in the feeling that very good games were played, where the truest sporting instincts were uppermost, and although England lost the cup and America retained it, we can say "Well done, both sides." The profit made from the two matches by the American Polo Association is astounding. Imagine £36,000 profit. The takings were approximately £40,000, and the expenses £5,000 or thereabouts.

A grand battle of flowers by aeroplanes, the first ever organised in the history of flying, will take place at the London Aerodrome, Hendon, on Wednesday next (June 25). This is the day of President Poincaré's visit to the Institute Français de London, and at 10.30 a.m. a procession of decorated motor cars will slowly pass Marble Arch House on their way to Hendon. The aerial display at Hendon will be followed by the judge's award for the best decorated cars, and the entire proceedings will terminate in a parade of cars—headed by the prize-winners—in front of the various enclosures, and the battle of flowers.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give 5s. each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" typographical error in our literary columns, i.e., barring advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 63), and sign your name and address and mark your postcard "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance all postcards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the first one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is largely a matter of individual taste. Current issue only, of course. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

Last week's prize goes to

MR. A. H. FOSTER,

45, East Avenue, MANOR PARK, E.

SHORTHAND COMPETITION.

We are glad to report that widespread interest attended the Shorthand Competition (confined to readers of *Modern Life*) recently advertised in these columns by Holborn Hall College, the pioneers of rapid shorthand tuition. The response was magnificent, and there were hundreds of competitors when a director of *Modern Life* attended at the College for the purpose of certifying the award. Truth to tell, most of the attempts were either absolutely correct, or nearly so. By this time the various awards are in the hands of the successful competitors, and it is safe to say that the competition ever organised has been carried out with more absolute impartiality. We congratulate the Directors of the College on their public spirit and the success which attended their efforts to make the simplicity of the New Rapid lessons more widely known, and no doubt a large number of readers of *Modern Life* will eagerly await the next announcement of the kind from this enterprising firm. But we must have a little patience, as one's thoughts do not as a rule turn lightly to educational matters with the thermometer at 105 in the shade, and still rising.

We understand that several of the fortunate competitors have already written expressing their delight at the unexpected receipt of cheques and fountain pens. Those who are entitled to the courses of instruction at half rates need not take the lessons yet unless they desire, but can postpone them till a more convenient season—a thoughtful concession on the part of the School authorities which will doubtless be appreciated by all whose names are among the 65 winners.

By the way, we understand that special arrangements are being made at Holborn Hall for special Day, Evening and Postal Classes next session for Juniors, say, from 15 to 20 years of age. This is a move in the right direction. Evidently the New Rapid has come to stay, and is proving a formidable rival to older commercial schools.

AFTER THE FALL.

It was a stale device, and showed a sad lack of imagination in Mr. Meakles. But then, as his wife often remarked, what could you expect from such an utter idiot? Anyhow, the worm had turned at last, and Mr. Meakles had resolved to disappear for ever from the orbit of his still handsome but dominating spouse.

And, so far as Mrs. Meakles and the public were concerned, the way to oblivion and peace was to lie over the chalky heights that were lapped by the waters of the Bay. In short, a cliff tragedy—with up-to-date improvements—was to be the portal at which Meakles would leave behind the matrimonial chains, and enter upon a land of milk and honey—across the Channel.

The last straw was a snub he had received that morning from his wife on a seat along the promenade. His boot had accidentally touched her dress. She had jumped up, and, after angrily shaking her skirts, had effusively thanked a ginger-moustached stranger who had bowed and brushed her dress with his glove. Often had Meakles, a short and spare man, felt ridiculous, carrying her pet dog, alongside the large and well-nourished form of the sharer of his name and fortune. More often had he squirmed under the lash of her caustic tongue. But this was the limit. He would be made a laughing-stock no longer! And she should suffer, too!

He mapped it all out in his mind, and, indeed, surprised himself by his own resource. A heavy loan (in small notes and gold) on his securities from the bank; another coat—which his wife had never seen—under the ulster that he would leave at the top of the cliff; a farewell letter posted to her mentioning that most of his money had gone with him into the bosom of the ocean, and the coast train taken at the junction, some ten miles off, that would catch the night boat from Folkestone—to France and freedom.

The farewell letter he positively revelled in! All the scathing retorts that had occurred to him—but had remained unuttered—during their married life were set out in full and copious detail. (He had ample time for his last literary effort, as Mrs. M. had gone out for a stroll on the front and would not be back until dinner.) He, however, waxed pathetic when he came to the announcement of his intention to end his "thwarted life." With the aid of the bath sponge he managed quite a creditable tear on the touching line: "In the far beyond we shall meet again—in a place where bickerings will be unknown." This forgiving vein was rather marred by a postscript to the effect that he had not left her enough to live on, as he felt that, by having to work, her soul would be cleansed "as in a furnace."

At six o'clock Mr. Meakles, in ulster and Homburg hat—he had a spare cap in his inner pocket—found himself on the heights beyond the town. So far all had gone well. The local banker was surprised but as the securities were gilt-edged, made the loan without demur. The affecting letter had been committed to the post. A chance meeting with the Vicar, that might have proved awkward, had been artistically turned to account.

"Going for a stroll?" hailed the Vicar.

"I am going," replied Meakles in slow and solemn tones. He flattered himself it sounded like Martin Harvey in "The Only Way"—"a long, long journey."

"Really," said the Vicar politely; "I hope you'll enjoy it. Taking a change?"

"A change!" answered Meakles; "yes, indeed. I seek rest and peace. Peace, perfect peace!" Here his inspiration dried up, so he concluded in what was intended to be a sepulchral voice—in reality it sounded merely thick—"Farewell!"

The astonished Vicar suspected drink, but charitably put it down to incipient insanity.

The precipitous headlands, at high tide, were washed by the sea, while the coast line in between was mixed sand and chalk, [illegible] at an angle just climbable for an agile and cool-headed man.

"A very unsafe spot," grumbled Meakles to himself, "anyone could easily tumble over. They ought to fence it."

To give the most plausible colour to the suggestion of suicide, Meakles recognised that the ulster and hat ought to be found at the brink of the cliff where the fall was sheer to the sea. So he started to reconnoitre in the safer parts. With much caution he approached the edge at one of the places where the descent was more gradual. Looking down, he was somewhat annoyed to observe a couple spooning below. They were seated a little way above the water, which was now at high tide.

"They'll soon be moving," Meakles consoled himself.

At that moment, to his horror, he felt his foothold go, and commenced to slip down the face of the cliff.

He frantically tried to clutch at tufts of grass as he passed, but the impetus was too strong to get a grasp. His increasing pace made it obvious to the agonised Meakles that nothing would be lacking not even a corpse to make his self-destruction thoroughly realistic and convincing.

What saved the life of Meakles was the canoodling couple at the bottom. He slid full bang, like a wedge, between the two. And all three went flop, with a smack and a splash, into the shallow waves beneath.

* * *

When Meakles had satisfied himself that, though torn and bruised and shaken, he was still very much alive, he looked on either side for the dishevelled pair whom he had sundered, and who were sitting, soaked through, in a foot of water—too astonished at the intervention from above to do more than stare helplessly at each other, and then at Fate in the tattered form of Meakles.

And he saw Mrs. Meakles and the ginger-moustached stranger!

CECIL HASTINGS.

The man who invented "backstairs" was responsible for half the romances of the world.

* * *

A belief that the race is not always to the swift no doubt accounts for our widespread confidence in tips.

* * *

We could all of us get along better with the inevitable if it would grant us a few reasonable concessions.

* * *

It is amazing how trivial things materialize into mighty matters. Even a flea is responsible sometimes for a glorious conquest.

RESULT of our
GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION.

1st Prize (2 Guineas) MISS BERTHA SMALL,
Thornfield Nursing Home,
HEATON MOOR, STOCKPORT.

2nd to 5th Prizes inclusive, 5/- each—
J. E. PICKUP, 172, Walthew Lane, Platt Bridge, Wigan.
Miss P. SCOTT, 175, Byres Road, Hillhead, Glasgow.
A. TAYLOR, 9, North Street, Charlton, S.E.
J. CHAMBERS, 36, Coxon Street, Spondon, Derby.

6th to 15th Prizes inclusive, "New Rapid" Fountain Pens—
E. J. BENJAMIN, 11, Bargoed Terrace, Ponthenry, Llanelly.
V. REICHERT, 9, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, S.W.
G. CHISHOLM, 10, Coniston Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
W. DOMINEY, Town Square, High Street, Cowes, I.W.
A. PEART, 76, Blenheim Road, Gloucester.
G. B. THORNEYCROFT, Stanlow Cottages, Ellesmere Port.
S. B. GAW, 9, Victoria Road, Bangor, Co. Down, Ireland.
A. J. DYER, 9, Holway Avenue, Taunton.
J. O. DAVIES, "Dysgwylfa," Abercynon, Glam.
Miss G. HAYMAN, 21, Drayton Park, Holloway, N.

16th to 65th Prizes inclusive, "New Rapid" Shorthand Instruction Courses at half usual rates—
C. Shelby, Mountain Ash; J. Thomas, Tewkesbury; P. T. Sadd, Shorncliffe; W. E. Common, Halifax; A. W. Sellwood, Wokingham; D. J. Davies, Miskin, Glam.; Miss M. E. Smith, Thornton-le-Fylde; E. O. Lord, Huddersfield; M. D. Mackintosh, Forres, N.B.; A. E. Granger, Barnsley; P. H. Stoddard, Manchester; A. Arnot, Kirkcaldy; W. Cope, Uttoxeter; D. P. Hardwick, Leyton, N.E.; S. J. Cornford, New Eltham, S.E.; H. L. Wilson, Portsmouth; T. D. Macdonald, Morayshire; J. Cornforth, Glasgow; Miss E. Tankins, Bristol; E. Price, junr., Cardiff; A. R. Duckham, Newport, Mon.; D. Vickers, Sheffield; W. Cliff, Wolverhampton; H. Kay, Sheffield; Miss E. Shorter, Brighton; W. Askew, Halesworth; H. T. C. Cox, Bishopsgate, E.C.; H. E. Samuel, London, S.W.; Miss F. M. Laidman, Liverpool; Miss O. M. Bromley, Pitsmoor, Yorks.; T. Wheatley, Dublin; W. Gibson, Leeds; Miss K. Gray, Partick, N.B.; M. McAdam, Dumbarton; Miss I. Yabsley, Chiswick, W.; Mr. Gill, St. Austell; W. W. Askew, Grimsby; G. Hallam, Stanley, Liverpool; Lce.-Corpl. J. A. Swan, Aldershot; J. E. Birkill, York; E. Smith, Barnsley; H. Leonard, Herne Hill, S.E.; G. Arderson, Galashiels; G. J. Brown, Glasgow; R. Carter, Weston-super-Mare; Miss E. M. Walters, Manchester; Miss G. Smith, Heckmondwyke; T. K. Hodgson, Dalton-in-Furness; Miss L. M. Weeks, Bristol; J. F. Coatesworth, York.

Shorthand Association, 303, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.
Telephone: 6111 HOLBORN.
N.B.—A "New Rapid" Certificate means PERMANENT employment and GOOD SALARY. Send postcard for handbook.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

So Long Set has at last credited Mr. Sol Joel with the Royal Hunt Cup, after having finished second last season and in 1911. What a bargain this French-bred son of Rabelais and Balle Ferdue has turned out, he costing only 500 guineas after winning a "seller" at the Lincoln November meeting 1910. Since then he has won numerous races for his wealthy owner, including the Cambridgeshire Stakes in 1911, and the Lincolnshire Handicap and Newbury Spring Cup last year. Not counting the wagers which Mr. Joel has brought off by the aid of his splendid horse, over £6,000 has been landed in stakes. Although not so much fancied as Maiden Erlegh, Long Set was well backed for Wednesday's race, and some thousands of pounds were won over him. By the way, Mr. S. Joel has a half-brother to Long Set, by Santo Strato. This youngster is reported smart.

The rule recently passed by the stewards of the Jockey Club to the effect that notice "weighed in" should be displayed instead of the "all right" has soon proved disastrous to the bookmakers, as they paid out some hundreds of pounds when Clap Gate had passed the scales for the Fern Hill Stakes on Wednesday, and when the disqualification of the Baumber-trained colt was anounced after the last race there was Calgary to be paid over. Surely the stewards can frame a better rule, as the words "weighed in" are not sufficient.

Mr. C. Bower-Ismay has authorised his solicitor not to proceed further with the action to restrain the stewards, who acted for the Jockey Club at the Epsom summer meeting, and Messrs. Weatherby, from paying over the stakes in connection with the disqualification of Craganour. No doubt Mr. Bower-Ismay has adopted the wisest course.

This week we have racing at Brighton and Newcastle, on Tuesday and Wednesday; Folkestone and Newcastle, on Thursday; and at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. The principal race down for decision is the Northumberland Plate—the Pitman's Derby—which is due to be run on Wednesday. With an acceptance of sixteen we should be assured of a good field. After carefully going through the likely runners I prefer the chances of King Midas (fourth in the Ascot Stakes, who should again finish ahead of Lady Galette, although the latter was heavily backed on Tuesday), Scotney (done good work and the winner of a long distance shortly) and Closewood Beck (Buckley rides). Another animal that has had a special preparation is the three-year-old Carinya, but I shall declare for

KING MIDAS.

My other selections are:

NEWCASTLE—Tuesday.

Stewards' Plate: Patroclus.
North Derby Stakes: Great Sport.

Wednesday.

Angerton Handicap: Gulvain.
Brandling Handicap: Buckstead.

Thursday.

Gosforth Park Cup: Great Surprise.
Newcastle Handicap: Scotney.

BRIGHTON—Tuesday.

Portslade Plate: Hackla.
Balcombe Plate: Courtlands.

Wednesday.

Sussex Plate: Garryhoe.
Highweight Handicap: Pickmore.

FOLKESTONE—Thursday.

Three-Year-Old Handicap: Sandpark.
Chatham Handicap: The Grey Prince.

SANDOWN PARK—Friday.

Claremont Handicap: Cataract.
Corinthian Handicap: Game Fowler.

"JOHN BULL" SAID:

February 1st—"We have many times expressed satisfaction with Mr. H. Diamond's methods, and can assure our readers that, from beginning to end, each sweep promoted by him is absolutely straight, square, and above board."

Each of the following has already won £500 from us—

C. J. GOULTER, 1, St. George's Road, Kingston Hill.
W. HARGRAVE, Royal Marine Infirmary, Deal.
J. J. RICHARDS, 9, Shannon Grove, Brixton, S.W.
A. B. WYATT, 3, Falmer Road, Enfield, Middlesex.
W. H. BLACKSHAW, The Lea, Denham, Bucks
H. COLCHIN, Jun., Woolpack Inn, Iwade, Kent.
F. SMITH, 241, High Street, Porth, Glam.
T. PHILLIPS, 34, The Park, Treharris.
W. H. COWDERY, Foresters Arms, Coxgreen, Maidenhead.
B. AINLEY, 10, Hamilton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING HAS ALREADY WON £100 FROM US:—

J. J. STEPHENSON, 42, Durham Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
J. PARRISH, 165, North Road, Clayton, Manchester.
J. DIXON, 149, Albert Street, Millom, Cumberland.
C. E. PAGE, 1, Royal Villas, Maxton, Dover.
H. HACK, 30, Little Earl Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London.
A. THOMPSON, 29, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, London.
MRS. OLIVER, 22, Nicholson Street, Edinburgh.
BOMBARDIER COAKLEY, R.G.A., The Castle, Dover.
A. KERR, Sheephead Inn, Duddingston, Scotland.
M. BROWN, 68, Corporation Road, Workington.

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING HAS ALREADY WON £50 FROM US:—

L. NEALE, 4, Brainerd Street, Green Lane, Liverpool.
A. ELLIOTT, 139, Portman Buildings, Lisson Grove, London, N.W.
H. POWELL, 1, Reubens Place, New Denham, Uxbridge.
G. GREEN, 10, Church Street, Madeley, Salop.
B. HANCOCK, Westcombe House, Bideford, Devon.
G. SPENCER, Criterion Bar, St. Andrews, N.B.
W. TREMLETT, Whiteley's Depot, Hillingdon Heath, Uxbridge.
J. CHARNOCK, 10, Norman Road, Seacombe, Liverpool.
G. BOWNAS, Temperance Hotel, Grassington, Yorks.

H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, Switzerland.

Letter Postage, 2½d. Postcards, 1d.

CUPID'S ECCENTRICITY.

Vincent Astor says he is too busy to fall in love.

We guess Vincent is about our age, but in experience he is still playing in the nursery and prattling about Santa Claus. He is still in the green-cheese age, while we are so old in comparison that we have to wipe our eyes out in the wind with a silk handkerchief.

We know from long experience that being busy doesn't have anything to do with falling in love. Neither has a fellow time to catch the measles, but they are still popular. A fellow hasn't time to slip on a banana peel, but just stop and count the banana peels on a busy block. We never got real busy in our life that we didn't fall head over heels in love. And usually the poorer we were, the deeper we fell. Whenever our pocketbook got so flat that it looked as if a folding bed had suddenly sat down on it, and so thin that a postage stamp looked bulky alongside it, we were dead sure to fall in love. Never in our life did we have everything movable in the world hocked and the sidewalk working up through our shoe soles, but that we were introduced to an unbelievably pretty girl, who never could go any place without having to ride. She was always the kind of girl that every time she smiles you can see a dozen American Beauties or a taxicab faintly silhouetted around her mouth.

And whenever we got so busy that we just barely missed every street car that we ran for, and every elevator was just leaving as we stepped inside the building, Cupid was sure to hit us a swat over the upper left-hand vest pocket that laid us out flat. We never went to a summer resort in our life, with a roll that looked like a public obstruction and with time to burn and itching to fall in love, but that every girl there was as homely as the under side of a bureau and had the general lines of symmetry of a load of prairie hay.

With money to scatter to the four winds and time hanging on our neck like a sack of flour, we couldn't stir up the frailest zephyr of love; but the moment we went broke till we had to buy broken crackers in bulk and eat near a cold-water faucet, and so busy that there were always two hotel boys paging us, we would flush a whole bevy of pretty girls, any of which would have made us give up smoking and go to writing poetry.

Vincent is young yet and isn't probably half so busy as he thinks. He can't be very busy unless he is in love. One girl that you are in love with can keep a fellow as busy as a one-armed man hiving a swarm of bees at the top of a cottonwood.

Just wait till Vincent's so busy that a minute looks as big to him as a bale of hay, and till he's trying to find an inconspicuous hockshop; then he'll remember these words of ours, and tears will spring into his eyes as he says, between sobs, "By jacks, you were right! By the way, old man, could you help a fellow out for a few days?"—*Judge.*

Don't look up to people; it encourages them to look down on you.

* * *

Some young women marry old men just because they look well in black.

* * *

Don't argue with a critic; he can think more mean things to say than you can.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

SPORTY (Colwyn).—The St. Leger Stakes will be run on Wednesday, September 10.

J. S. (Hackney) wants a position on the film censor's staff. Naughty!

ARDENT (Cardiff).—We think the person you refer to is reliable.

JACK (Dover).—Yes, MODERN LIFE certainly was re(a)d all over last week.

C. N. (Acton).—We on MODERN LIFE know no politics—publicly.

LESLIE (Canterbury).—You can tell that to the Marines.

F. S. (Bradford).—Gamage's may be able to supply you.

NUREADER (Pontypool).—Can a tin whistle?—No, an oil-can.

L. G. (Derby).—Should advise you to see a doctor.

J. K. (Swansea).—From your letter you appear to have been badly smitten, time for heaven's sake be a man, and don't snivel!

A. B. C. (Charlton).—It is rather early yet, but we will see what can be done in a month or two.

ASPIRANT (Keighley).—"The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (1/-) is what you require.

J. H. (Kirk Burton).—Not our style at all. It might suit "T.P.'s Weekly."

R. B. (Hull).—Regret cannot trace the information you require, but can we say where it is obtainable.

—We are of the opinion that aviation does come under the heading of "sport." What heading do you expect it to come under —suicides?

R. D. J. (N/c).—It certainly does, at first glance, look peculiar, but if you look closely you will see that he is holding the cigar with his teeth.

HUBBY: "If you had been a sensible woman, my dear, you would have had your blouse buttoned in front. Fancy having to get on a stool specially for a blouse!"

WIFE: "If you had been a sensible man, you would have taken a course of instruction from Arthur Girvan and had no need to use a stool."

LET ME INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT

The marvellous success of my system of increasinr the height has aroused more interest than any othe. recent development of the science of Physical Culture

That I can do what I claim is proved by the testimony of those who have had my course of instruction. My lessons are given entirely by post, and the diagrams accompanying each exercise make it very easy to understand and perform the movements.

Why not give the matter your serious consideration? You want a fine muscular development, and you also want height. My system will give you both. Ten minutes each morning and evening spent upon my exercises will increase your height by from two to three inches within three months.

If you were taller you would show to much better advantage. and your prospects in business would be greatly improved.

Interest yourself in the subject, and write to me. It will be worth your while.

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

(Dept. M), 17, Stroud Green Road,

LONDON, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Markets have not been animated, but they are in a decidedly better state.

* * *

The nervous tone of last week, and heavy liquidation, seem: to have ended. For this reason stocks are inclined to rally.

* * *

A good deal of quiet investment buying is going on by those who are seeking bargains, and those who buy now will reap their reward in much better prices in the next few weeks.

* * *

The last two or three weeks I have strongly advised readers to turn their attention to the American market, and it is pretty evident that the shrewd speculator has been wisely buying the best of the American Rail Roads at the very low prices ruling.

* * *

Since I wrote last week's notes Union Pacifics have appreciated 10 points in value, and Eries, the favourite of the small speculator, are two points better.

* * *

Home Rails are again being bought, and as the dividend paying stocks are now full of a half year's dividend much of the stock is more than cheap, and readers with money to invest will be very foolish if they wait any longer before buying.

* * *

It is quite on the cards that Brighton Deferred, now quoted at 90½, will go to par in the next two months, and others, like Great Northern Deferred, South Eastern Deferred, Metropolitan Consols, and North British Deferred, will appreciate several points in value.

* * *

For a two or three years' lock up I strongly advise Great Central Preferred. This stock does not pay a dividend at the present time, but in the next year or two, judging by the great progress this line is now making, it will be earning a dividend, and the £100 stock which is quoted now at the nominal price of £35 will easily double in value.

* * *

Among Mining shares Simmer Deep are still being bought, and, as I have hitherto prophesied, will undoubtedly double in value.

* * *

Another very attractive share in the Mining Market to which I would like to draw my readers' attention is the 5s. shares of the Sheba Gold Mining Company.

* * *

This is an old-established Company, registered in 1904, with a capital of £300,000 in 5s. shares, of which £270,000 has been issued.

* * *

It commenced to pay dividends in 1910, and for the first year it paid three dividends of 3d.; in 1911 it did the same; and in 1912 it has already paid two dividends of 3d., and a third dividend of 4½d., which last mentioned dividend belongs to those who buy shares now.

* * *

The monthly profit of the Sheba Gold Mining Company averages £4,500. On the particulars given these shares ought to stand at a good deal higher price, and I consider it is only the recent troubles in markets generally that has kept them down.

* * *

The property is situated in the Transvaal, and there is always a good market in the shares, so I confidently recommend them to my readers. The present quotation is 4s. 9d. to 5s. 3d.

* * *

If you would like to purchase any of these shares you can either communicate direct with me, or I will send you the name of a Member of the Stock Exchange if you have not a broker to deal with.

* * *

I have just received the following report:—

Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Company.—The Manager reports under date 24th May, 1913: "Alexandra: 8 samples taken from the 3 shafts gave an average panning assay of 19dwts."

There is little business doing in the Oil Share Market, but all the same prices keep very firm, and with the better feeling now existing we may see a great improvement any moment in the best shares, like Shell Transport, Spies Petroleum, Mexican Eagle, Premier Oil, and Galician Oil Trust.

* * *

The meeting of the Shell Transport makes excellent reading, and Sir Marcus Samuel very clearly demonstrated the not only sound but powerful position of this huge undertaking.

* * *

The Spies Petroleum Company paid a dividend of 22½ per cent. for the last financial year, against 20 per cent. for the two previous years. Spies most certainly should be bought at anything round about 23s.

* * *

Galician Oil Trust Shares have advanced on the very satisfactory output for May. In March last the Company produced 3,240 tons, and in April 3,450 tons. For May the output is 3,700 tons. Deducting royalties, this makes an annual production of over 33,000 tons, which should earn for the company a net profit of about £80,000 a year. These shares can still be picked up under par.

* * *

I have had numerous letters from readers about Rubber shares, but I candidly cannot advise dealings in rubber shares at the present time unless for investment purposes, and then only the smaller priced shares that do not stand at an inflated premium.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by post.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(44th Edition, 1913).
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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cycles: Lady's and Gentleman's Model de Luxe, purchased May last, latest improvements, including 3-speed B.S.A. gear, accessories, gear case, perfect. Reason explained. £4 10s. each. Approval willingly.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London, N.

Handsome polished oak Tie Presses and Stretcher, heavily plated fittings, 4s. 9d. each, carriage paid; worth 10s. 6d.—"Simplex" Manufacturing Co., 66, Balham Hill, London, S.W.

Curlolena, the sure hair curler, ensures a head of wavy curls. 1s. 1½d. per bottle, post free; two bottles 1s. 10½d.—A. Fergusson(190, Fleet Street, London

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I saw, a few days ago, a new idea for the marking of one's hat. The owner of a 7⅞ head does not usually find his hat annexed, and can leave a 15s. Bennett knowing that no absent-minded beggar is at all likely to take it, leaving his own three-and-ninepenny headgear in its place.

* * *

The ordinary 6¾ man can now have his initials punched in the inside rim of leather, and thus have identification of proper owner plain and permanent.

* * *

During the heat of summer one is often anxious, in selecting a suit or overcoat, to have the same weight or thickness of material as in a previous summer garment, which was found just right.

* * *

The trade tip for judging weight or thickness most accurately is to take the cloth, on the double, in the fingers. You can thus detect any difference in thickness of the material with much more accuracy than by handling the single texture.

* * *

For evening dress, a white waistcoat is, of course, now the correct thing. In material, in cut and in style of buttons there is an endless variety, but the latest I have seen is a vest of white piqué, with the lappel edges rumpled in folds. I cannot say I liked the effect. It looked more like carelessness than style.

* * *

N.B.—It is more correct not to wear your gold watch-chain with evening dress.

* * *

The Horse Show is likely to produce a mild epidemic on London streets of horsey attire, and I fear some of the more pronounced horsey-looking men might cut a poor enough figure actually astride a gee-gee.

* * *

I have seen recently a very old fashion revived in the country squire style of riding coat. This has the big pockets and flaps at sides, with full skirts in front; but the particular point I refer to is the very low waist line.

* * *

There is what the tailor calls the *natural* waist line, although in some men of full habit it is somewhat difficult to see where it comes in. Below this point each good tailor has his ideal points for the *actual* waist line in frock coat and morning coat.

* * *

In this recently revived style of riding coat the actual waist line is very much lower than usual, and the skirt proportionately shorter.

* * *

This coat requires a man of presence and ruddy countenance as wearer, with a pair of breeches and weather-beaten gaiters to complete the *ensemble*. An obviously City man would look absurd in it.

* * *

A correspondent asks if it is in order to wear white cuffs with a coloured shirt. This depends upon surrounding circumstances; namely, the tone of colouring, or pattern, or both, in the shirt, what clothes are worn with it, and the occasion upon which these are worn.

* * *

For instance, at a wedding, to wear a black morning coat and vest and stripe cashmere trousers, a delicately coloured soft shirt, showing slightly under a fairly high-cut vest, with white collar and cuffs, would be quite good form.

* * *

On the contrary, to wear a Harris tweed suit, coloured shirt and soft collar and white cuffs at Margate on a Bank Holiday would look silly.

* * *

In fact, my reader, you have to use common sense and reasonable good judgment in the matter, and I have given you a sort of indication how I would deal with the conundrum, as the occasion arose.

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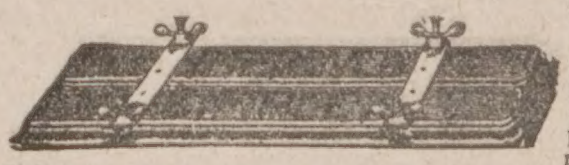

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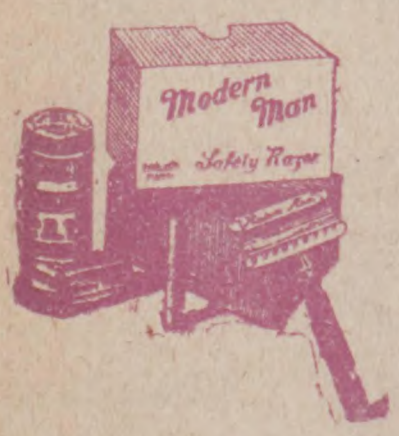

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